

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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## OUR GALLERY OF STATUES—IX.

AUG 10 1896



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TEMPTED.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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## Prince Kahlma's Experiments.

IN the issue of August 20th there will begin in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* a series of twelve remarkable stories by *CLEVELAND MOFFETT*, entitled "PRINCE KAHLMA'S EXPERIMENTS." Each one of these stories will be complete in itself, with its own development and climax, and at the same time each one will be connected with the others by a thread of interest running through them all. Each story will, in fact, present an incident in the extraordinary career of the chief character, Prince Kahlma, a man of great wealth and intelligence, who, having exhausted the possibilities of many cities and forms of pleasure, finds himself suddenly interested to an extreme degree in observing the manners and methods of New York's criminal and shady classes. These observations are made in a number of "experiments," in which the prince is not content to act merely as a looker-on, but takes an active and important part in the unfolding of events. Indeed, the prince's craving for novelty leads him into many strange adventures, and the record of his eccentric doings will be found to possess the compelling interest of the well-constructed detective or mystery story, with the added charm of novelty.

Those who have read Mr. Moffett's detective stories, always remarkable alike for their imaginative power and their accurate realism, will not be surprised to learn that for years he has made a close study of the ways of criminals and detectives, even going to the length of associating himself for several months with one of the most efficient and best organized detective agencies in the country. Thus he has gained a practical knowledge of how the dangerous classes operate, and how the mysteries of lawlessness are cleared up, that has proved of the greatest value to him in his story-telling.

This series of "Prince Kahlma's Experiments" will be abundantly illustrated with pictures, bringing out in vivid fashion the strong situations of the narrative.

## A Significant Appeal.

"To the Editor of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* :

"In a private conversation with me some weeks ago, the president of a manufacturing enterprise in the northern part of South Carolina which employs four or five hundred operatives remarked that the 'time is opportune for the organization of a white man's Republican party in this State. No relief from Tillmanism is possible through the Democratic party, for the Democratic elements opposed to Tillman are so demoralized as to leave no hope for a rallying within the party.' 'Furthermore,' he added, 'I can see no prospect for a settlement of business and the return of national prosperity save by the restoration of the Republican party to power, and I am unable to understand why intelligent young men, ambitious for political position and patriotic in their impulses, fail to take advantage of present conditions, enter the South Carolina Republican party and take control of it.'

"This gentleman has been a Democrat all his life—belongs to the 'old school' of South Carolina Democrats. He is but one of a class of men who constitute a large and growing element in the State, and of whom other equally prominent representatives of precisely the same political sentiments could be named.

"There are probably twenty thousand white factory operative voters in this State, and the total white vote has never exceeded at any election eighty-eight thousand. These men would naturally vote for a protective tariff and, being wage-earners, would favor sound money if the subject were properly presented to them.

"In this city the bankers, brokers, merchants, and other business men almost unanimously are friendly to sound money. Many of them will vote for McKinley, and openly say so. But for the want of a State Republican organization this city would hereafter be a Republican town—or at least until after the last vestige of Tillmanism had been removed from the State. Three or four years ago the man who expressed sympathy with the Republican party would have, to considerable degree, braved the perils of social ostracism. The change is astonishing.

"Under the State constitutional suffrage limitations the negro vote in South Carolina is not likely in future to be more than ten thousand—certainly not more than fifteen thousand. A Republican leader tells me that it will not go beyond six thousand in the November election. The fear of negro domination no longer exists in South Carolina.

"Everywhere in South Carolina 'independentism' is common. Tillmanism has utterly destroyed the traditional veneration and affection for the name 'Democrat,' even among Tillmanites.

"The reason, and the only reason, why independent Democrats do not flock to the Republican party is that the Republican leaders or 'the Republican machine' repels them. The men who control the Republican party are merely the 'aftermath' of carpet-bag days—the leavings of reconstruction. A few of them are educated and personally honest, but there is not one about whom does not cling the smell of the times of Franklin J. Moses. Although the total negro vote will hereafter be of no consequence, 'gullah' statesmen are still high up in the ranks of the Republican party, and, very naturally, they will not voluntarily take back seats. Sound-money men, conservative men, antagonistic to Altgeldism and Populism, who desire McKinley's election, will in many instances refrain from voting unless the Republicans name a personally respectable ticket. President Harrison in his South Carolina appointments evidenced a wish to make the best selections from the material presented. His appointments were notably better than those of his Republican predecessors, but the material was hopelessly bad. While, as remarked above, a few of the Republican politicians will average fairly well in brains and character, there is not one of them of more than ordinary ability, or possessed of any magnetism to attract a following. The Republican party in this State, as at present organized, indulges no hope of growth or success. The sole end and aim of its existence is patronage. It is doubtful if the leaders sincerely invite accretions to their ranks, for the smaller their numbers the farther will the Federal crumbs go. It is a waste of time to think of these men building up a compact and energetic party, or of such a party being constructed around them as a nucleus.

"Nevertheless, a clean, strong, vitalizing Republican party would be a blessing to South Carolina. Intelligent Democrats would welcome it. Speaking as an independent, but at the same time a Democrat thoroughly imbued with low-tariff and other Democratic doctrines (unless free silver at sixteen to one is one), I risk nothing in saying that nearly all thinking men agree that it would be far better for the State if there were two healthy parties. A Republican party dominated by native South Carolinians would inspire confidence in

Northern business men and capitalists, it would leave no footing for sectionalism North or South, and, better than all, it would for the future furnish a weapon with which the assaults of ignorance and prejudice, cemented by such characters as Tillman and his unprincipled lieutenants, could be effectively met.

"It is a pity that the present Republican party in South Carolina is a 'derelict,' an obstacle in the way of a new party—that Republicanism is its own worst enemy. Is there no wisdom among Northern Republicans to deal with the problem?" W. W. BALL.

"Editor Charleston (South Carolina) Post.

"CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, July 24th, 1896."

The communication above published raises a question which we have frequently discussed in this newspaper, the question, namely, of the emancipation of the Republican party in the Southern States from the disreputable control into which it has largely fallen. The writer simply emphasizes, from the point of personal observation and experience, views which we have repeatedly expressed as to the desirableness of a re-creation of the party on a basis of intelligence, integrity, and character in several of these States. There is every reason why South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, and some others of the more populous States should be Republican in their politics. They need the practical application of the economic policy of that party. Their development and progress have been hindered by their stubborn adherence to the policy, and their justification of the intolerant methods, of the Democracy. There is no doubt that the intelligent classes are beginning to realize this fact, and that very many of the more thoughtful and aggressive men are growing restive under existing conditions. As things now are, however, the co-operation of men of this class is rather repelled than invited by the local Republican leaders, who, to a large extent, seem to be governed by selfish methods in everything they do, and to be incapable of any broad and enlightened appreciation of essential principles. We believe that but for the encouragement which has been unfortunately given to leadership of this sort by our national committees and by our Republican administrations, the Democratic party in most of these States might have been years ago broken to pieces.

The question now is, what will the men who are responsible for the management of the coming canvass, and for the future of the party, do in the situation which presents itself? Will they be wise enough and bold enough to utilize the break-up of parties, the discontent and perturbation in the Democratic ranks, so as to establish Republicanism in those important States upon a new and patriotic basis? We understand perfectly well that a work of this kind cannot always be effectively and fully done from without. But it is certainly possible that encouragement should be given from this time forth to the reputable, the honest, and the cleanly element of the Republican party in these States; that we should not put a premium upon characterless partisanship; that we should strive honestly and sincerely to win the confidence of men of all faiths who are concerned only for the public good, and that class especially who have come to see that a perpetuation of the Tillman and Populist form of Democracy must result in irreparable disaster not only to every material interest, but to every moral interest, and to all orderly government as well. We submit that when intelligent men of Democratic predilections, like the writer of the above communication, are prepared to unite with Republicans in the establishment of a party of this character, which shall devote its energies to the sole purpose of promoting the public good, there ought to be no hesitation, but on the contrary the utmost eagerness on the part of right-thinking Republicans in addressing themselves to the achievement of this desirable end.

## What It Means.

It has come to be understood that the Chicago platform means a great deal more than the debasement of the currency and the damage to our material interests which would follow the general acceptance of its ideas. In its broader meaning it involves a menace to the national security. It is the challenge of the restless, discontented, and dangerous forces of the country to law-abiding and liberty-loving citizens to defend their heritage. We get a clearer sense of its meaning when we consider it in the light of the tendencies which are everywhere apparent toward an anarchical and socialistic propaganda. There is scarcely a country where in recent years the lawless elements have not been manifesting a threatening temper. In our own country this spirit asserted itself in the Haymarket massacres at Chicago; and in all the riotous demonstrations which have threatened the social order in labor strikes and in other forms of violence elsewhere in the country there has been clearly apparent a growing contempt and disregard of the sanctions of law. This tendency has been carefully stimulated and fostered by demagogues intent upon personal gain, and the silver craze has been accentuated very largely by appeals to class prejudices and by lying prophecies as to the betterment of conditions through an establishment of a new standard of values. The Chicago platform epitomizes and images this aggressive and dangerous tendency of the time; it voices the demand of the evil forces which have been gathering for assault upon the established order, and for the overthrow of those conservative influences in our institutional life that constitute our safety and defense. Every anarchist in the land is for Bryan and the Chicago platform; every man who has found the restraints of law to be an obstacle to the gratification of his passions and his resentments will support the

Chicago ticket; the vicious, the covetous, everybody who thinks that there ought to be a redistribution of property, all who are jealous of the success of their fellows, whether achieved as the result of their own hard toil or of environment for which they are not responsible, are shouting the praises of the party of which Tillman and Altgeld are shining lights. Of course there are thousands of honest, right-thinking men who desire the success of Bryan and Sewall. But these are the victims of delusion, and are held fast in the clutch of prejudice and ignorance. They are not the masterful and controlling faction; they are the victims of adroiter and more selfish men.

It is in this light, as it seems to us, as an assault upon the national honor and a menace to the national security, as a deliberate proposal to sweep away and divest the government of all the functions of sovereignty and to hand over our finance, our industry, and our civic life to the control of the mob, that we should mainly regard this Chicago platform. Its triumph would amount to a surrender on the part of the American people of every principle they have cherished in the past, and an abandonment of the right to protect themselves, their property, and their lives, as well as the national honor, against those pernicious influences which have gathered for their overthrow. We fail to see how any man who cares to be ranked as a loyal American, who places any value upon law as an element of the national life, or who has any pride in our history as a people, can consent, either by indirection or by positive act, to contribute in the slightest degree to the success of a party whose leaders propose to prostitute it to the basest ends, and make it the malignant and destructive force of our politics.

## Is This Real Patriotism?



THE attitude of those sound-money Democrats who declare their inability to vote for the Chicago nominee because of his free-silver views; and who at the same time say they cannot support Major

McKinley for the Presidency because of his views on the tariff question, is, to say the least of it, somewhat remarkable. It cannot by any stretch of statement be regarded as patriotic. Look at the situation as it stands.

The Democratic party, captured at Chicago by its more dangerous element, has declared for a policy of unlimited silver coinage, and for the practical destruction of those institutional forms which have been found to be essential to the preservation of good government. Moderately stated, the policy of that party as declared in its platform is one of deadly hostility to the monetary system which is accepted by all the commercial nations of the world, and the overthrow of which would introduce uncertainty and instability in all business conditions and bring disaster to all the substantial interests of the country. But that platform is more than a menace to material interests; it threatens the life of the government, and its acceptance would amount to a triumph of anarchy. Those Democrats who hold to the gold standard of values unhesitatingly declare that this would be the outcome. They admit that the Republican attitude as to this question is the right one. There is no pretense that the Republican candidate stands for anything else than sound money, or that his election would not assure the maintenance of a safe financial policy. These gentlemen, however, allege that they cannot vote for him because to do so would be to promote the policy of protection. They know perfectly well that by this refusal they will contribute to the success of the dangerous silver propaganda, and they know, too, that no protective tariff that could possibly be framed would ever—viewed from their own partisan standpoint—inflict upon the country a thousandth part of the mischief which would flow from free and unlimited silver coinage. Thus, in point of fact, these Democrats, whom we desire to regard as honest and sincere, place their partisan prejudice as to an economic question above the obligations of patriotism. They are willing that the free-silver party should seize this government and enact laws which would prove immensely detrimental to every individual and corporate interest rather than that the Republican party, which, admittedly, stands for sound money, should achieve an apparent political advantage. They demand that this party shall subordinate the tariff question as the price of their support of the Republican candidates, forgetting that in doing so they practically affirm that Republicans are more concerned for the public welfare than they are themselves.

There are some who will regard such a demand on the part of honest and sound-money Democrats as an impertinence. We shall not apply to it any such discourteous characterization. We prefer to call attention to the fact that, unwarranted as the demand for a compromise on the tariff question certainly is, there are indications that the Republicans propose to treat it as legitimate, and intend to make the fight, as desired by these Democratic protestants, primarily along the line of the defense of the national honor and national credit as menaced by the Chicago deliverance. The national committee, as we understand it, are preparing to conduct their educational campaign upon the money question exclusively, until such time at least as the people shall be properly informed concerning it. So far as we can judge from the opinions expressed by party journals



throughout the country, this course of the committee is generally approved. The Republicans do not, indeed, propose to abandon the principle of protection. They will insist that the existing tariff law should be so far amended as to provide adequate revenue to meet the expenses of the government and protect industries which suffer from alien competition. If they secure control of the next Congress they will pass such amendatory legislation as will accomplish this result, and as will, perhaps, adjust some of the incoherencies of the Wilson bill; but there is no disposition, and there is no probability at all that the Republican party will undertake to pass what has come to be regarded as prohibitory, high-tariff legislation. In saying this we do not abate in any degree whatever our conviction as to the necessity and wisdom of legislation along the line of protection. That, as a permanent principle of the party faith, will not be surrendered. We hold, however, with all other right-thinking Republicans, that this issue is not the supremely important issue of the hour; that the question which must now be decided is whether we will maintain our financial integrity and adhere to monetary standards in harmony with the policy of all enlightened nations. Occupying this position, we repeat what we said at the outset, that it is difficult to understand how any honest-minded Democrat who desires the triumph of sound money can permit the tariff issue to stand between him and the performance of the high civic obligations which rest upon him in this regard. Certainly the Republican who manifests a disposition to subordinate for the time being the one principle which in all the history of the party has been a conspicuous and leading tenet of its faith may fairly regard himself as a better and truer patriot than the man of any other party who permits any partisan predilections to control his action in the presence of the very grave emergency which is now upon us.

### A Patriot's Warning.

THIS country has had few more unselfish patriots or faithful servants than General Francis E. Spinner, who,



*Francis E. Spinner*

as Treasurer of the United States during the most trying financial crisis through which we have ever passed—the period of the Civil War—justly won a world-wide reputation as one of the ablest, most conservative, and experienced financiers. During the closing years of his life General Spinner was a great sufferer from cancer of the face, but during the whole period of his suffering, down to his latest breath, he

manifested the keenest interest in public affairs, and especially in the financial question, as to which he wrote freely for the newspapers. His very last article was published in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. In this he discussed the subject of the increased coinage of silver, and warned the country that free coinage would precipitate a financial panic. His words have a peculiar and a pathetic interest at this time. We quote the closing paragraph of his article:

"I am nearly eighty-eight years old, and for more than half a century have watched and taken an interest in the monetary and commercial affairs of our country. I have no interest of friends or self to subserve. I am standing confronting an open grave, and expect soon to sink into one. I love my country greatly, and I love its people more. The prosperity of our country and the happiness of its people that now are, and of the generations that are to follow, are the subjects of solicitude nearest my heart. I cannot bear to sink into that grave without giving this my last note of solemn warning. *If the country would avoid a great calamity, let it restore gold to be the sole standard of values, and the consequent measure of all transferable commodities.* Fortify the United States Treasury with gold coin, gradually replace the warehouse silver certificates with Treasury notes of all denominations, from a five-cent to a thousand-dollar note, based upon and redeemable from the gold on deposit in the Treasury. Issue low interest-bearing interchangeable currency bonds. This currency would not only have the gold in the Treasury, but all that sixty-five million people possess, as a guarantee for its redemption. Such an arrangement of the currency would constitute the Treasury of the United States into a safe insurance office against commercial revolutions and monetary panics. On the other hand, an illy constituted and depreciated circulating medium, a dual standard of values, a redundant, inflated currency based on a greatly depreciated silver coin, such as the silver cranks desire, are the she-wolves that will breed and litter want of confidence, distrust, fears, failures, and panics upon our country, and disaster and ruin upon our people. The monetary course now being pursued is as sure to bring disaster as *effect follows cause*. Let the people be warned of the danger that is before them."

### Stimulating Sectionalism.

THERE is one aspect of the Chicago platform which has not received the attention it deserves, and that is, the stimulus it gives to the spirit of sectionalism. One of the most gratifying facts of our recent history has been the growth of nationalism of sentiment, the obliteration of the resentments and prejudices of the period of Civil War, and the revivifying of that sturdy American spirit which afore-

time gave us such broad distinction and such wide influence among the nations. Practically, as the result of inter-trade relations and the co-operation of capital and enterprise, the North and the South had become as one. The war hatreds had burned themselves out. Southern and Northern men alike, and the men of the East and West, were beginning to realize that we had common interests and a common destiny. Now, just when this feeling was manifesting itself so strongly, and the last vestiges of sectionalism were being blotted out, the Democratic party comes with its appeals to class and sectional prejudices and interests. We hear of new alliances, hostile of purpose, between the South and West as against the East, and thousands of men in these Western and Southern States are being led to believe that there is in the East an organized hostility to their interests, and a desire to subjugate them to capitalistic domination.

We say unhesitatingly that this is a most serious misfortune. The man who contributes in the least degree to the awakening of sectional hates ought to be gibbeted as a public criminal. Mr. Andrew D. White, in a recent communication to the press, refers especially to this aspect of the Democratic position. He goes on to say that the men who are engaged in this despicable and dangerous work are

not only unsafe guides, but that they really represent that element of our population in the Southern and Western States which is the least entitled to consideration. In the clamor of the convention, he says, "the voices of the men who have really done something toward building up the new South, and who are developing the industries and the great educational enterprises in the real civilization of the West, were stifled." Instead of these were "heard from the South the phrase-makers, the formula-peddlers, the sensation-mongers, the demagogues of the old sort who have always cost the South so dear—the sort who formerly hurraed for secession, who are now clamoring as lustily for confiscation." From the West, he says, "we saw a representation of all sorts—of architects of ruin, and especially the wild schemers and dreamers and fog-horns—the men who, as a rule, having failed to conduct successfully any business of their own, think that they are entitled to take charge of the business of the nation." The justice of this characterization cannot be doubted. The question which is to be determined is, whether the American people are willing that so desperate a horde, animated by so desperate a purpose, should, by any playing upon sectional feeling, elect the candidates they have nominated for the supreme places in the public gift.

## NEW ENGLAND DEMOCRATS.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE PARTY AT THIS TIME IN THE EXTREME EAST.

NEW ENGLAND Democrats are very apt to be Democrats from conviction. The party, except in cities that have a large foreign population, has long been in an almost hopeless minority, and therefore it has not attracted to it the adventurers who join political organizations for the spoils of office. For this reason the Democrats of this section have commanded a respect and a consideration independent of their numerical strength and the aid that they could give in national elections. Indeed, no New England State except Connecticut has cast its electoral vote for the Democrats since before the war, and Connecticut has always been an uncertain quantity in the lists of the doubtful.

At this time, when party lines have been strained and more or less broken in many parts of the country by the gathering of the dissatisfied elements under the flag of silver, it is of interest to know how these Democrats of New England feel and how they propose to act. I have just returned from a trip through New England, made with the purpose of inquiring into the situation there. As I started with no preconceived notions as to the feeling that prevailed, I did not search for facts to strengthen any pet theory. I mention this frankly in the hope that what I may here set down will be received by the readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* as an entirely unbiased record of observations.

The first thing I noticed when I had reached the section that I was to study was the feeling of profound sadness among all of the old-line Democrats, and the flustered condition of excitement among the mugwumps, who in national affairs have affiliated with the Democrats, though they secretly despised them. One gentleman, who has been greatly distinguished in his party for thirty or forty years past, but who has now retired from active political life by reason of the burden of his years, said with a sadness painful to behold that he wished his end might have come before his party in convention had made such a disgraceful spectacle, and before it had cast aside all the theories and principles of government for which it had struggled so long and so valiantly. But he saw his duty plain before him, and he was not in the slightest embarrassment as to what he should do and what he would do. He would vote for McKinley and work for McKinley. This was in Massachusetts, where there is no doubt whatever as to the result of the election. He realized that his mere vote was of small consequence in his own State, but he expressed the earnest hope that his example might encourage other men of his party in doubtful States to follow the dictates of reason and morality. He does not feel that he is less of a Democrat, in thus wishing for Republican success, than he has always been; on the contrary, he thinks he is acting as a genuine Democrat in assisting in the undoing of those who have captured the machinery of his party, repudiated its principles, and who now propose to do in its name acts that are both foolish and wicked. Feeling this way, he has determined to abandon his leisure for a season and once more do his part in the interest of good government and sane policy.

This gentleman, of course, has no political future; he is too old for that. Therefore for him to take this step may seem easy or difficult, according to the standpoint from which his actions and his motives are viewed. The reflectively-observant man will, I fancy, agree that an old man who has long been active in party management, and whose whole public life has been identified with the struggles and the triumphs of one party, becomes so attached to it that its very symbol has a meaning that is dear to him; indeed, in the symbol the cause itself is in a measure forgot. He therefore is apt to follow his party whatever the road, and fail to see or to care about the direction in which that road may lead. It is usually, therefore, the most difficult thing for an old man to sever old relations and to see that the

dear symbol of his youth and his sturdy manhood now stands for another and an obnoxious cause. In this instance it might be difficult also for an old-time Democrat to vote the Republican ticket, because from long time the Democrats have been strenuous in their party management for majority rule. The convention that nominated Bryan was regular so far as precedents went, and the majority which declared the principles of the party was very great. The discipline of the party tends toward the subordination of personal and minority views. The old-line Democrat, therefore, before he emancipates himself from the habit of obeying the dictation of the majority, must be convinced that most unusual dangers confront the country through the policies advocated by the majority to which he has all his life bowed.

Now from another standpoint it seems easy for an old man to leave his party and disregard majority dictation, because the old man has at best but a short future, and he has little if any fear of the political Coventry with which bolters are always threatened. And it had as well be said here as anywhere that seven out of ten of the Democrats who in New England will vote for Bryan will do so because of what seems to them regularly in nomination and the right of the majority to control. The other thirty per cent. of Bryan Democratic supporters consists of cranks, who naturally are in favor of what is unreasonable, and sincere believers in the silver panacea for industrial and political ills.

When I speak of the Bryan Democrats in New England I do not suggest that the large proportion of the Democratic party will vote for him. More than half of those who ordinarily vote the Democratic ticket will vote against him or refrain from voting. My reason for saying this is due to the fact that I had great difficulty in finding Bryan Democrats. At first I could find none, because those who are in favor of him and his policies and have anything to lose in the way of public esteem are as yet ashamed to disclose themselves. Later I learned that among the "rag-tag and bob-tail" of political hangers-on there were a good many. Some of these wanted to declare what they affirmed as their faith by repeating the trite silver argument which begins with the low price of commodities and the scarcity of money, and ends with that very false assertion that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. These arguments—if they may be dignified as such—have some potency in the mill towns, and they move here and there the mind of a farmer who is perplexed with the difficulties produced by debt, bad management, and unkindly seasons. But the number of those who confess to believe in the free coinage of silver in New England, with the exception of Maine, is most inconsiderable. Seven out of ten of them, as has been said before, wish to remain within the lines of regularity—and that is all that influences them save the ever-abiding indisposition to join the ranks or do other than fight the political antagonists with whom they have buffeted in the past.

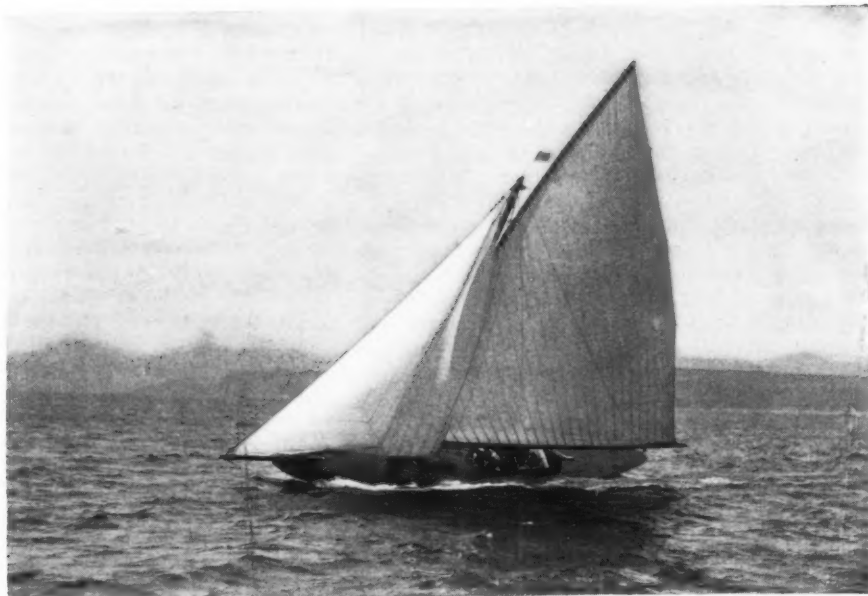
Not all of those who will vote for Bryan in New England are from or of the Democratic party. The Democratic party in the past did not have a monopoly of the cranks of the country. And the cranks, from whatever party, are gathering to the support of Bryan in the most natural way in the world. The Republican silverites in New England are perhaps more outspoken than any others, for the very good reason that your genuine crank thinks that his mission is unfulfilled unless he makes as great a noise in the world as possible. He will bubble his lesson till the cows come home in the evening, and begin it again before the sun has dried the dew on the grass next day. He is, however, doing nothing but good to the cause of sound money, for the respectable Democrats, restrained by the discipline of majority rule, like not the sound of his voice, and his

(Continued on page 102.)





THE ONE-RATER "FUSEE."



THE FIVE-RATER "ALMIDA."



THE HALF-RATER "MORWENA."



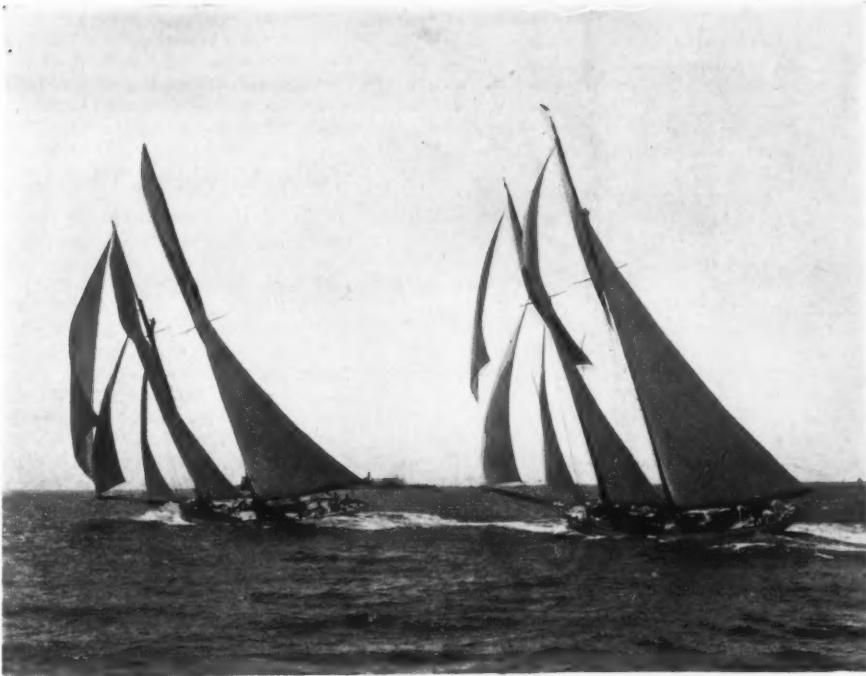
THE "WEE WINN," HALF-RATER.



THE TWO-AND-A-HALF-RATER "YVERY."

TYPES OF ENGLISH RACING-BOATS AND THE AMERICAN-BUILT BOAT, "WEE WINN."—[SEE PAGE 107.]  
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THE "COLONIA" AND THE "EMERALD"—FIRST RACE OF JUNE 11TH.



THE "HERA," WINNER OF THE GOULD CUP FOR SLOOPS—JUNE 16TH.



THIRTY-FOOTERS—JUNE 11TH.



"WAWA," THIRTY-FOOTER—JUNE 11TH.



START OF THIRTY-FOOTERS—JUNE 16TH.



THE "ASAHI," THIRTY-FOOTER.

AMERICAN THIRTY-FOOTERS—THE SUCCESSFUL SPECIAL CLASS OF 1896.—[SEE PAGE 107.]

Copyright, 1896, by C. E. Rolles.



## MR. WELBECK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD

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III. E went quickly toward the park and sat down on a seat that was a little off the beaten track, though luckily it was growing too dark for any one to notice him. He looked up at the dark line of leafless trees overhead, and to the right, where a pathway stretched into the gray distance. He felt insulted, indignant and desolate. There was nothing but loneliness before him now; that happy dream of youth and soft laughter, and the little slim form that would turn restfully into his arms for safety from every trouble and even petty annoyance, was at an end. He was bewildered. It had come so suddenly, he could hardly believe that it was true. Then he put up his hand and stroked his beard on either side toward the middle of his chin, and remembered her shudders. It was foolish and unmanly, perhaps, but he felt, sitting there alone and chilled with the mist and the darkness gathering around him, as if he could have sobbed just as the girl had done ten minutes ago.

"Well, it's over," he said at last; "it's over, and better now than afterward. After all, it might have led to the divorce court." There was a long pause. "It's an awful thing to grow old," he went on presently; "to be old and alone. When I die, though there may be half-a-dozen coaches full of decent mourners, I don't suppose there will be a genuine tear, not a single genuine tear." But as he said it, there rose before him the face of his old sweetheart, Jeanie Rattray. Jeanie had cared for him, had loved him best in the world, in the long-ago days, and he had behaved badly to her—to poor little Jeanie. She had never married, either; perhaps she cared for him still and felt old and worn and lonely as he did. He had half a mind to go and see her. It might help to dim the experience he had just gone through. He remembered the address her mother had given—Inverness Terrace, Bayswater. Poor Jeanie! so many middle-class widows and spinsters lived at Bayswater. It would be unkind not to go, after that letter. He might as well get it over. Probably Jeanie would be glad to see him; and she wouldn't shrink from him with loathing as Violet Bradbury had done. He wondered what she looked like. A little saintly, he imagined, smooth and content—the contentment born of doing good works. He felt that if he had married Jeanie she would somehow have taken him by the hand and led him gently on toward heaven. But that sort of thing was not much in his way; it did not amuse him. It had never seemed to him that heaven would be amusing. Perhaps the years had altered her and made her plump and round and smiling. She might like to settle down with him even now. Her church-going need not interfere with him; and if she were old, why, so was he. If they came together they might some day nurse each other through the uneasy years of old age. He should feel so thoroughly at home with Jeanie, and that would be something. He went out of the park on the Bayswater side. Jeanie used to have such a quantity of hair, he remembered, done up into an enormous chignon; it had been the fashion when she was young. He thought of a flat, wide-brimmed hat that had tilted up behind, and how blue her eyes had looked beneath it, and of the demure bonnet she wore on Sundays. Ah! Jeanie would never have accepted him for sordid reasons, or thrown him over, or said cruel things. He had been a fool not to marry Jeanie; he had half a mind to make amends now if she would have it so.

Mrs. Rattray was at home, but not very well. Would he come in and see Miss Rattray? He walked up the narrow staircase, for it was one of the smallest houses in Inverness Terrace, and entered a little drawing-room, a prim little room that made him smile. It looked so like Jeanie. There were old-fashioned chintz covers on the chairs, and a high-backed sofa against the wall, and chintz-lined curtains at the windows. There was an open work-table by the fire-place, and over the mantel-piece hung a large autotype of theistine Madonna. On the round table in the middle of the room stood a lamp with a large glass globe to it, and no other shade. Beside it on the table was a bottle of medicine, a dessert spoon, and a copy of "Old Moore's Almanack"—he had not seen one since he was a boy. His mother used to buy a six-penny copy—there used to be red in the lettering on the title-page; he remembered it quite well. A sofa, another high-backed one, was on

the opposite side of the work-table by the fire-place, and on it a white Shetland shawl. He wondered if it was Jeanie's or her mother's, and if the bottle of physic on the table was for Mrs. Rattray, or whether, too, Jeanie had some ailment. He went toward it with an idea of looking at the label, but before he reached it the door opened and a tall woman, thin and bony, entered. Her cheek-bones had become very high; that was the first thing that struck him. Her hair was scanty and gray; it was brushed tightly back over a cushion, and on the top of her head there rested a little white lace cap with a black bow in the centre. All over her face were lines and soft wrinkles, as though not only time, but care and sickness and sorrow—and just a little sourness, too—had set their marks upon it. Her eyes looked dim, and her nose—a poor little nose covered with lines like the rest of her face—had a decided pink tip to it. Her mouth had grown weak, and her lips had lost their redness, and lines puckered up at the corners. He saw it all in a moment. He saw her throat, too—thin like the rest of her; and the prim white muslin frill that made her skin look yellow, and the black dress with the baggy sleeves, and the little hook at her waist from which hung by a steel chain a red-leather spectacle-case. In that moment he knew that the vague idea with which he had come was forever at an end. He couldn't count those wrinkles all his days, or sit opposite that pink-tipped nose. Jeanie was too old to be married. Love, and even sentiment, must have passed her by years and years ago. She was forty-eight—a prim old maid of forty-eight!

"Why, Jeanie," he said, "how do you do?" "How do you do, Barford?" she answered, but, though the old calmness was in her manner, it was not the same voice as of yore; it was capable of shrillness. "It's very kind of you to come. I'm glad to see you. My mother is not well; she'll be sorry to have missed you; she is in bed to-day. I think it must be a chill, for she was down-stairs yesterday. Do sit down. It's very kind of you to come," she repeated. They sat down on the sofa by the fire-place, and then he and she looked at each other and thought for a moment of the time that was forever buried beneath the years.

"I only had your mother's letter to-day," he said, awkwardly, not knowing how to begin a conversation.

"My mother's letter!" she said in surprise. "Did she write to you? I didn't know."

"She wrote a line giving me your address," he said. "She knew I should like to see you again," and quickly he saw it all. Mrs. Rattray had written without telling her daughter. Perhaps she had thought—but no, that would be ridiculous.

"I suppose she forgot to tell me," Jeanie said, "but I'm glad to see you; I should have known you anywhere." Her eyes seemed full of memories, the ghost of a tone crept into her voice; but the fatal tip to her nose became a deeper pink.

"It's a sad thing to see a woman grow old," he thought. "I never cared about fat women, but Jeanie has turned into a broomstick, a mere bag of bones; why, I believe they'd rattle if I shook her."

"You're very thin, Jeanie," he said aloud; "are you well?"

"Oh, yes, I am quite well," she answered. "I have suffered a good deal from rheumatism, but I am better now. And you," she went on, "are you strong and happy—and are you a bachelor still?" She looked a little eager as she said the last words. He felt that his reply in the affirmative would be satisfaction to her.

"Yes, yes; an old bachelor still. No one would have me."

"Oh, I don't believe that. You were always fascinating, Barford."

"Ah, that's your point of view, but I don't think any one has really cared for me, unless it was you, Jeanie."

"It all seems so long ago," she said, uneasily, as though she expected him to go on. He put out his hand and drew it back. He couldn't sit hand in hand with an old woman. It would be too absurd. Besides, for some strange reason he did not want to touch Jeanie's hand; it was thin and the skin on the back of it was loose. He recoiled from her just a little, though he himself was older than Jeanie, but it was difficult to feel that his own age could affect any one unpleasantly.

"A quarter of a century, Jeanie," he answered, "I expect you would hardly have known me if you had met me anywhere else!"

She crossed her hands and looked at him.

"I should have known you anywhere," she answered.

"But I am old," he said, thinking of Violet's terrible exclamation; "old and gray and wrinkled. You must see a wonderful difference."

"Oh, no," she answered, and the tears were in her eyes. "I shall never see a difference. The wrinkles and the gray hairs are only the evening mist through which one sees the old landscape."

"You're quite poetic, Jeanie." For a moment he felt almost tender. He stretched his hand right out this time and touched her dress; he felt, inside the sleeve of black stuff that set his teeth on edge, the bone that served her for an arm. "Whether they grow fat or thin," he thought, "time is rough on women." He drew back his hand and asked, cheerfully: "How is it that you never married?" She turned and faced him quickly.

"I never thought of such a thing," she said; and in that moment he knew that all these years she had been waiting, hoping that after all he might one day come back to her. The sorrow and the sickness and even the sourness written on her face had all grown out of the long waiting. Perhaps the eyes had grown dim with watching, and the cheeks wrinkled with the tears that had fallen down them.

"But it's no good," he said to himself, "I can't help being flesh and blood; I could no more make love to her than I could fly." He determined to cut his visit as short as possible. "Well, we're both too old for matrimony now, I fear. We must pay the penalty of not being wise when we were young. I shall come again soon"—he got up while he spoke—"and see your mother."

"She would like to see you," Jeanie said, anxiously. "She has only a chill; she often takes one. I dare say she'll be down to-morrow."

"It's such a funny thing to see you in a cap," he said, inconsequently, for he had not been listening to her words.

"I am grayer than you. I like growing old," she added. "It is sad in some ways, but it is interesting; it gives one so much to remember."

"She's a sensible woman," he thought. "If she had only Violet Bradbury's youth."

"I have often thought of you, Barford," she went on, timidly, "and now that we have come to London, perhaps we can be friends again."

He grew a little alarmed.

"I have a good deal to do," he said, hurriedly, "and I have got into bachelor ways, you know, Jeanie, and am too old for anything but—but friendship." She looked him straight in the face.

"I was not thinking of anything else," she said, distinctly. A little light shot from her faded eyes, the pink tip to her nose looked almost fierce, her weak lips closed firmly; and as she stood up her black frock hung about her in long folds like the habit of a nun. He looked down at her skirt—he saw the cashmere of her slippers peeping from beneath it—and up at her face, at her gray hair, and the little bow in the middle of her white cap. Then he shuddered inwardly.

"No, of course not; you are too sensible," he answered, and he thought, "Good God! She has grown vixenish!"

He almost hurried from the room and down the little staircase covered with crimson drugget. She followed him, and he felt as if he were being pursued by a ghoul.

"You'll come again, then?" she said, grimly, as she opened the door.

"Oh, yes; I'll come again some day when your mother is better. Good-bye, good-bye," and he hurried away. He felt that he could never bear to see her again. He was relieved when a mile had stretched itself between them.

"I expect if I marry at all it ought to be a lively little woman of five-and-thirty, and a widow, perhaps. She is old enough to be sensible at that age, and young enough to be agreeable. But I should never trust one," and he thought of Mrs. Jim's remark that morning. "She always has an eye to the main chance, and would look after the settlements. Besides, I hate widows; they are generally too fond of good living and grow fat. A man ought to marry before he is forty, or not at all."

The cloth was laid in the dining-room at Bolton Row when Mr. Welbeck entered. A clear fire, and his slippers put to warm; the silver on the table looked bright, the candles were shaded; the evening paper and some letters were beside his place.

"Dinner is ready, sir," Clark looked pleased at seeing his master back.

"I shall be down in five minutes," Mr. Welbeck answered. "I am not going to dress to-night." He came down in his dressing-gown. Clark took off the tureen cover; the clear soup was excellent, the glass of sherry had a flavor to it.

"Clark," he said, suddenly, "did Bevan's man come?"

"Yes, sir." He took away the soup-tureen, and put an entrée dish before his master. Mr. Welbeck saw with satisfaction that it contained six smelts.

"Did he put up a bill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you'd better go and take it down. The house is not to be let." Mr. Welbeck opened his evening paper and wondered if the next course would consist of a cutlet or a bird.

THE END.

## New England Democrats.

(Continued from page 99.)

arguments to support Bryan turn them more against the cause than anything sound-money men can say to them.

In the aggregate, I am inclined to believe, with the accessions from the Republicans, the Populists, and the unattached cranks, that the Bryan electors in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut will not receive in excess of fifty per cent of the normal Democratic vote. In Maine things are a little different. Maine in the past has taken up with strange political ideas, greenbackism having once been rampant in that far Eastern State. But it must be remembered that Maine has always been in the Republican column after a Presidential contest, and it will surely be there this time. But the vote for Bryan will be larger in proportion than in any other New England State. With this result I am persuaded that the nomination and candidacy of Mr. Sewall will have nothing whatever to do. His candidacy on the ticket will not in his own State influence the votes of two hundred men. And those who are so influenced will merely be hindered from going away; no converts will come on his account.

It has nothing to do with the present inquiry, but, as it relates somewhat to the subject, I will mention here that there is intense amusement in Maine, and in other parts of New England where Mr. Sewall is known, that the silver Democrats should have named him for Vice-President with the idea that he would open his "barrel" with reckless generosity, and in a large measure pay the campaign expenses. It is said that they are not likely to get more than a most modest subscription from him, as he is one of the most careful men who ever administered affairs. The Democrats did a thing like this once before when they tied the penurious English, of Indiana, to the Hancock kite. Mr. English then gave nearly a thousand dollars. It is thought in Maine that Mr. Sewall will do almost as well as this. It may be that the Populists had heard that he was a trifle "near" before they rejected him.

But to leave Mr. Sewall and his untappable "barrel." There are half of the Democrats in New England as yet unaccounted for. Not all of these will vote for McKinley, though I am well within the figures when I say that three-fourths of them will. They are men of convictions and of patriotism; they see very plainly the wildness and recklessness of those who framed the platform and ruled the convention at Chicago; they are convinced that the triumph of Bryan and Altgeld and Tillman will mean domestic disaster and world-wide disgrace. And so they have quickly made up their minds to vote for McKinley as the best and surest way of rebuking the men whose dangerous theories and more dangerous ambitions are now the worst menace since the Civil War. They believe that no man in such an emergency has a right to consider party ties or party discipline, but that his duty is one of unmistakable patriotism. They, further than this, see no sense, when about to go into battle against a strong and cruel foe, in dividing the common strength and making it possible to be beaten in detail, while united they would be invincible. These Democrats, therefore, are perfectly willing to vote for McKinley and to urge their old-time party associates in the South, the West, and the Middle States to do likewise. In doing this they abate not one particle of their dislike for a high protective tariff and that policy for which formerly McKinley was supposed to stand. But they say that this question can be subordinated, and should be, until the country has been saved from the disrupting elements now united under the Democratic flag. And in this they are most intensely sincere. They cannot in the least understand the political finesse and the partisan bitterness which in combination are now working for a third, Democratic or a sound-money Democratic, ticket.

The New England mugwumps are to a man for sound money and opposed to the election of Bryan. But the New England mugwump is as curious in the workings of his mind as he is interesting in his self-righteousness and the frankness of his self-conceit. These curious and interesting peculiarities, pricked into unusual activity by the New England conscience, which the mugwumps believe has survived only in them, make these gentlemen at this moment feel amazingly important and, paradoxical as it may seem, at the same time most uncomfortable. They don't know what to do, and in their counsels they are divided. They hate the Republicans and they despise the Democrats; and so they are inclined to favor a third ticket.



Those who advocate such a thing say that it would save them from stultification. Those who have not made up their minds appear to think that stultification is the kind of thing to be enjoyed. But it appears to be impossible for them to openly take the straightforward, manly, and patriotic course which the old-line New England Democrats will take without ever looking behind. If the gentlemen in the Middle, Western, and Southern States who are now considering the naming of a third candidate get any comfort from New England it will be from the mugwumps. And if it were not for the fact that both are foreign-born they would ask that the ticket put up should consist of Mr. E. L. Godkin and General Carl Schurz, and their platform would be "Everything that anybody else wants is all wrong."

But if this dangerous third ticket be put up it will be for some other reason than the advice of the New England mugwumps. The message the real old-fashioned Democrats send to the rest of the country is of a different purport. They say that at this time a vote and a voice for McKinley and sound money is a duty of patriotism, that a division of forces is a foolish playing into the hands of the enemy, a silliness which in its effect is nothing less than treachery.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

### The Summer-school Orator at Bay.

THE summer orator had reached his glowing peroration, and spoke with more than usual force and lambent animation:—

- "When William Tell defied," he roared, "fierce Gessler in his dread—"
- "There never was a William Tell," a learned school-marm said.
- "When Captain Kidd scourged all the seas with his fierce pirate crew—"
- "Why, Captain Kidd," the schoolmarm said, "was just as good as you—"
- A gentle, exemplary man of sturdy moral pith. This pirate tale has long been proved a legendary myth."
- The orator shot forth a look of gentle aggravation, and then took up, without reply, his fervid peroration:
- "When Nero fiddled and Rome burned; when Constantine on high Beheld the red sign of the cross triumphant in the sky; When mighty Alexander wept for more worlds to subdue—"
- "I beg once more," the schoolmarm said, "to disagree with you: For Nero's fiery fiddling is a legendary lie; And Constantine beheld no sign triumphant in the sky; And Alexander never cried for more worlds to subdue—"
- All these are long-exploded myths no one believes—but you."
- "Ah, well, my dear omniscient friend, I see you are all-wise: Perhaps you know all history," the orator replies.
- "Shakespeare and Homer in their day were not the peer of you—"
- "In modesty," the schoolmarm said, "I think that that is true. For Shakespeare, it is my belief, passed all his active days In running third-rate theatres while Bacon wrote his plays; If I'm not the peer of Homer I must be extremely small—"
- The highest scholarship agrees he didn't exist at all."
- "You are a great Columbus in the ocean-wastes of thought,"
- Said the ironic orator, "the one I long have sought: You've found us new Americas in Thought's untraveled main—"
- "Your irony's inaccurate," the schoolmarm spake again;
- "Your allusion to Columbus, sir, is not borne out by fact. The discovery of America was not Columbus's act; It was discovered previously by many earlier men. Don't blunder so egregiously, I pray you, sir, again."
- "You are omniscient still, I see," the orator replied: "Herodotus and Livy now, I see, must stand aside—"
- "Herodotus and Livy, sir," the schoolmarm made reply,
- "Are chiefly notable to-day for their inaccuracy. For legends, myths, and fables, sir, were their chief stock in trade, And years could not enumerate the blunders that they made; And for expert inaccuracy I think that it is true. They have no rival in all time—of course excepting you."
- He now concluded to conclude, and quickly turned and fled:
- "The age of eloquence," he said, "I plainly see is dead."

SAM WALTER FOSB.

### The Story of the "Herbert Fuller."

EVERY now and then comes a story of murder and piracy on the high seas that shocks the civilized world. The latest of these and one of the most gruesome was made known at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on Tuesday morning, the 31st



THE "HERBERT FULLER."

ultimo, when a ship sailed into the harbor towing three bodies, two men and a woman, in her jolly-boat astern.

The ship was the American barkentine *Herbert Fuller*, of Machias, Maine, which had sailed from Boston on July 6th for a port of the Argentine Republic, and the bodies were those of the captain (Charles J. Nash), his wife, and the second mate, who had been murdered on the morning of the 19th by the first mate.

The crew of the ship consisted of five seamen, besides the captain, first and second mates and steward, and there were two passengers, a Mr. Lester H. Mouch, of Boston, a Harvard student and son of a prominent Boston capitalist, and the captain's wife, Laura, an attractive woman of thirty-five. Upon the discovery of the murder the first mate was put in irons by order of the steward and the passenger, Mouch, who took charge of the ship and brought it into Halifax. There she was at once seized by order of the American consul, and the whole crew imprisoned, pending an examination and orders from Washington.

The story of the crew if told in fiction would be set down as improbable. It created great excitement in Halifax. Hundreds lined the shore to see the bodies brought ashore, and a great crowd collected around the city hall, where the men were imprisoned pending action by the authorities at Washington. The opinion was freely expressed that the mate had accomplices, that there was a plot to capture the vessel and sell her to the insurgents in Cuba, and that the failure to kill the passenger, Mouch, caused the men to weaken and abandon the enterprise.

C. B. TODD.

### The Andrée Polar Expedition.

POLITICAL conventions may come and go, with all the attendant excitement, but that does not one whit diminish the interest of the entire scientific world in the first polar expedition by balloon.

The expedition is now under way. Mr. Andrée had postponed his departure for one week from the original schedule time, on the advice of Nordenskjöld, who deemed it wise to wait so as to allow the polar ice to melt still more. So it was Sunday, the 7th of June, at ten o'clock A. M., when the steamer *Virgo* left Gothenburg with the Swedish polar expedition and all paraphernalia on board. The day was beautifully clear and calm, and interest in the departure was enhanced by the gala appearance of the city and harbor, everything on land or afloat being festively decorated. Thousands of people congregated on the docks hours before the actual starting time, while the numerous boats were loaded with enthusiastic spectators. Mr. Andrée received a telegram from the queen, and shortly after, amid the joyful shouts of the thousands of well-wishers, started for the run to Tromsø, where the first stop will be made on the way to Spitzbergen.

Besides Mr. Andrée, Dr. Ekholm, and Mr. Strindberg—the polar expedition trio—the *Virgo* had on board Monsieur Lachambre, the maker of the balloon, together with thirty-one persons inclusive of the crew. Some of these are members of the scientific expedition that will explore Spitzbergen while preparations for the balloon journey are in progress, such as unloading supplies, inflating the balloon, etc. The

balloon once started, the gas-machines used for the filling, and all other accessories, will be reloaded on the ship, but a storehouse of supplies will be left behind. The scientists will have had nearly a month for their researches in the islands, and will then board the steamer and head homeward the first of August for the return trip.

On the *Virgo's* arrival at Tromsø an additional number of explorers were to board the steamer; there, also, the carrier-pigeons sent on from Hammerfest were to be taken on board. This done, the steamer was to head straight north for Spitzbergen, expecting to arrive at its destination about June 20th.

Mr. Andrée allows two weeks' time for unloading the steamer and erecting the

balloon-house. This house was taken along in sections, having been built so as to be ready to put up in the speediest way possible on arrival in Spitzbergen. It is just large enough to contain the balloon when fully inflated, when it can be cast off, as it were, the balloon standing unfettered and ready to float away on the breeze the moment her courageous commander desires. This he expected to be ready to do about the 20th of July, not binding himself to an exact date and hour, but rather being ready to seize the most favorable opportunity permitted by wind and weather.

Mr. Andrée puts much importance on getting a good start, so while the actual schedule time was July 24th, it may have taken place some days before or even after that date. With fair wind, and under the most desirable conditions, the Pole can be reached in forty-eight hours, but Mr. Andrée does not set any time, nor does he wish to be anticipated in advance of what he considers will be the time required under average conditions. This he concedes would at least be two weeks. As to landing, that will be made inland as far as possible, with the hope of reaching some cosmopolitan centre, one of the large cities on this continent being the harbor Mr. Andrée has most in view.

The scientific gains derived from the expedi-



S. A. ANDRÉE.

tion will be geographical, as a matter of course, also hydrographic and meteorological; but what Mr. Andrée most particularly wishes to demonstrate is the usefulness of the balloon as a medium for transportation, and especially for exploration of unknown and hitherto inaccessible portions of the globe. Mr. Andrée is an enthusiastic balloonist, his confidence in this mode of travel being most natural in view of his oft-repeated and entirely successful enterprises in this direction. The ridicule of the scoffers—of which there has been an abundance—and the warnings of the wisacres have made no impression on him. To him it is the initial, but ultimately safe, journey, to be followed by many others, when he has once cut the ice, by sailing through the air.

That the expedition is in every way equipped

goes without telling. Every precaution has been taken for possible accidents, and food supplies for months. Each of the trio has his particular task to perform. The learned and experienced Dr. Ekholm will make the meteorological and scientific observations. Photography and like duties will be in Mr. Strindberg's charge, while Mr. Andrée will be commander and care-taker of the balloon. But all will work in unison, assisting each other whenever need be; two will at all times be on duty.

Mr. Andrée, unlike most travelers undertaking a long journey, was very little bothered with missives and messages to people living in those parts he is bound for; he has, however, one letter confided to his care by an American, and addressed to Dr. Nansen, which he has promised to deliver in case they should happen to meet.

FRIDA STEPHENSON SHARPE.

### People Talked About.

—MR. GRANT HAMILTON, the talented head of the art department of *Judge*, is a native of Youngstown, Ohio. Unlike most artists, he is a man of strong physique, and his pet diversion is to attend the national game of base-ball, of which he is no mean master. Mr. Hamilton has been for years a personal friend of Major McKinley, and when he resided in Ohio, a few years ago, invariably made a weekly trip to Canton. Strangely enough, Mr. Hamilton bears a very striking resemblance to his friend, the major, and is frequently mistaken for him.

—There is probably no sounder or more modest man of learning in an American university than Professor Charles R. Lanman, of Harvard, who has just been signally honored in being made an honorary member of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Professor Lanman used to be known as W. D. Whitney's pet pupil, and now his reputation here and in Germany is that of one of the foremost Sanskrit scholars. He is a man of great amiability and of charming personality. He is highly esteemed in India, and one of his warmest friends is the high priest of the Parsees.

—A recent circular issued by the Wilcox & White Organ Company contains an exceptionally interesting essay upon Orchestral Symphony, written by Virginia R. Coxe, a contributor to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, and a name frequently attached to exceptionally striking short stories. Cardinal Satolli's article also appears in the same circular. The essay by Virginia R. Coxe was selected as the best, from several hundred contributions submitted by world-famed writers, artists, singers, statesmen, etc. The novel which Mrs. Coxe has been working upon for the past few years will be published shortly, and will undoubtedly command wide attention.

—There are many men who were only recently boys to whom the announcement that Mark Twain is to continue the adventures of his famous "Tom Sawyer" will give a pleasure they never felt in the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," or others of the author's recent works. To thousands of men in the Mississippi Valley, from Keokuk to Alton, the local color of the stories describing the adventures of Tom Sawyer and his friend, Huckleberry Finn, is thoroughly familiar—they have explored the famous cave, which is at Hannibal, ridden in the pilot-houses of the steamboats, and had many of the experiences that made life interesting for Tom.

—Of all the ladies who have instructed the public in the art of cooking in recent times—and the list is a full one—Marion Harland, who in private life is Mrs. E. P. Terhune, has probably had the greatest financial returns. She told a St. Louis reporter recently that her cook-book had sold to the extent of two hundred and fifty thousand copies, and been twice as popular as her novels. Her daughter, too, when left a widow a few years ago, found that a knowledge of cooking was a talisman of success in New York "woman's-page" journalism. Mrs. Terhune is a robust and vigorous woman of more than sixty years, and if she has used her own recipes her physical appearance speaks well for their digestibility.

—A. G. Richmond, president of the Canajoharie National Bank, has the finest collection of Indian relics in this country, even surpassing that at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. Mr. Richmond was for many years in the Treasury Department, under Treasurer Spinner, whose pathetic appeal to the people of our country appears in another part of this paper. Mr. Richmond is giving a very clever financial object-lesson on gold vs. free silver-coinage. On a display tray are fastened five silver dollars, worth to-day five dollars. Beneath is a silver nugget melted up, containing five silver dollars, the exact value of which is two dollars and sixty-two cents. Facing this is a five-dollar gold piece worth to-day five dollars, and a five-dollar gold piece melted up, worth to-day five dollars. This clever application of the fundamental principle underlying the entire money discussion could be profitably adopted by bankers generally.

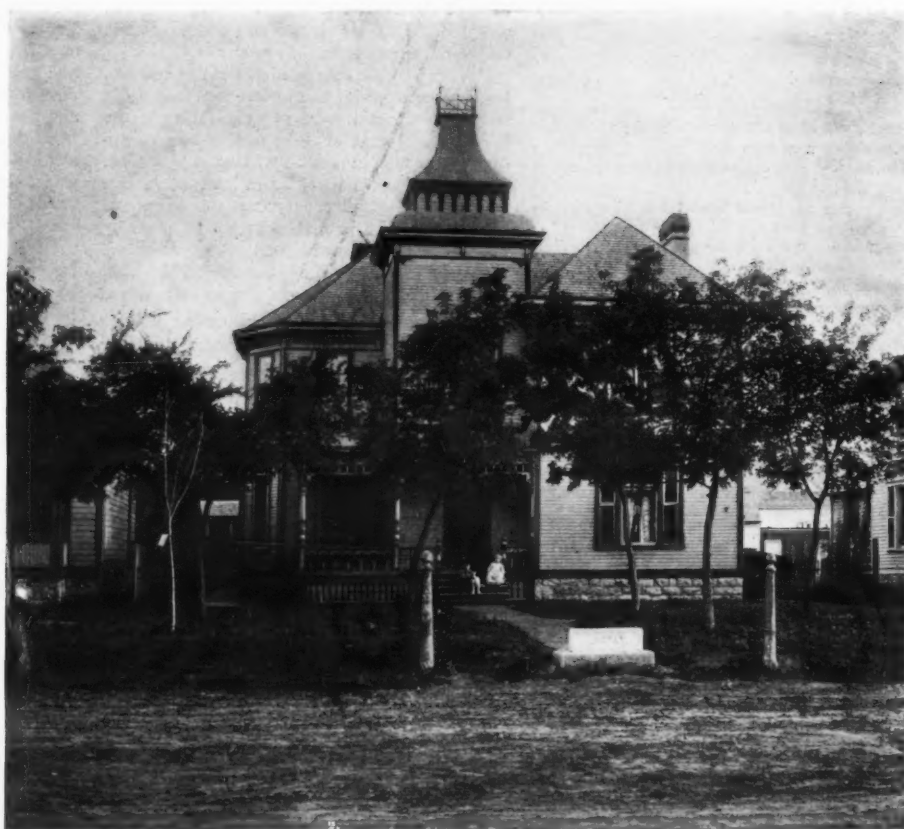




ARTHUR SEWALL, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.



MRS. ARTHUR SEWALL.

W. J. BRYAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN MAY, 1896.  
Photograph by Townsend.

RESIDENCE OF W. J. BRYAN, 1625 D STREET, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.



RUTH AND GRACE BRYAN, AGED RESPECTIVELY FIVE AND ELEVEN YEARS.



MRS. W. J. BRYAN.



W. J. BRYAN, JR., AGED SIX YEARS.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT, AND THEIR FAMILIES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 106.]  
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TROMSØ, NORWAY, WHERE THE EXPEDITION RECEIVED ITS FINAL EQUIPMENT.



THE BALLOON-HOUSE, SPITZBERGEN.



THE EXPEDITION LEAVING GOTHENBURG, JUNE 7TH, ON THE STEAMER "VIRGO."



OFF FOR THE POLE.



THE "VIRGO" SIGNALING A HOME-BOUND WHALER.

THE ANDRÉE BALLOON EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES EXPRESSLY SUPPLIED FOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.  
[SEE PAGE 108.]



## A STUDY OF WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

THE wonderful possibilities of American citizenship are strikingly illustrated in the nomination for the Presidency of William Jennings Bryan, who was selected at Chicago on the 10th of July last to lead the national Democracy in the quadrennial battle for national supremacy. Mr. Bryan was not a national figure prior to his speech at Chicago. He had won, it is true, fame of a tentative sort, through his brilliant speeches in Congress and his strength as an advocate of silver on the stump and forum in the South and West. But his youth and his comparatively circumscribed flight across the horizon of publicity kept his name from figuring in the list of possibilities. But, to paraphrase Bourke Cockran, "his nomination was so much an improbability as to become a possibility." Chance gave him the opportunity to place the impress of his oratorical power upon the convention, and he proved his claim to greatness by rising to the occasion. His speech won him the nomination on the following day.

One of the charges brought against Mr. Bryan, in denial of his fitness for the Presidency, is that he is young. This is undeniable. He, himself, admits it, and the family Bible is a mute witness to the truth of the charge. Mr. Bryan has the distinction of being the youngest man ever nominated for the Presidency, and in fact is barely a year beyond the thirty-five-year age



W. J. BRYAN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

Courtesy of News Publishing Co., Lincoln, Nebraska.

limit of the Constitution. But, notwithstanding his youth, he had before his nomination for the Presidency achieved honors that have come to but comparatively few men in life.

He was very young, but thirty, when he was first elected to Congress, and had the honor during his first term of being appointed to a place on the Ways and Means committee. He was even younger when he first gained reputation as an eloquent, cogent, and interesting speaker.

Mr. Bryan was born in the small town of Salem, Illinois, on the 19th of March, 1860. His father was Judge Bryan, for a number of years a judge of the circuit court which embraced the County of Marion, and who for eight years represented that district in the Illinois State Senate. William Jennings Bryan was born on a farm just outside of Salem, and now that he has achieved distinguished honors, he shares the fate, common to the great, of being remembered as a remarkably precocious child. They relate that early in life he demonstrated the possession of wonderful oratorical powers, and that before he was fairly in his teens he had won as a campaign speaker the title that still clings to him, "the boy orator." His father conducted his education at home until young Bryan was ten years of age. After five years in the public schools he went to Jacksonville, where for two years he was a student in Whipple Academy. Afterward he attended Illinois College, at Jacksonville, where in 1881 he was graduated as the valedictorian of his class. From there he went to Chicago, where he entered Union Law College. While a student here he worked his way by laboring as a clerk in the law office of Lyman Trumbull, at a salary of five dollars a week. His present law-partner, Hon. A. R. Talbot, of Lincoln, was his class-mate, and relates that so slender were their resources that their lunch many a time consisted of a nickel's worth of crackers and apples.

He was graduated in 1883, and the next four years saw him a struggling young lawyer in Jacksonville. His class-mate, Mr. Talbot, had located several years before in Lincoln, Nebraska, and in 1887, while Bryan was West on legal business, he made him an offer of partner-

ship, which was accepted, and since then Mr. Bryan has lived in Lincoln.

Mr. Bryan's predilection for politics speedily led him into the arena, where his greatest triumphs have since been won. In 1888 and 1889 he stumped the State for the Democratic ticket, and his star as an orator first appeared in the firmament. His rise in politics came about in a peculiar way. The Democratic party in Nebraska had for years been controlled by a coterie of old-line Democrats, but they had failed to achieve any measure of success. In 1888 the scholarly J. Sterling Morton, the present Secretary of Agriculture and one of the then leaders, was defeated by a large majority in his race for Congress in the First district, which then embraced the long-settled southeastern section of the State. In 1890 the Democratic nomination for Congress went begging, and when young Bryan came forward and asked for it it was willingly given him by the old guard. They had not looked with a kindly eye upon his rising fame, and it is shrewdly suspected that their ready acquiescence was given more to extinguish the new light than otherwise, as it was believed that where Morton had failed no Democrat had any hope for success.

The young candidate had already made himself the idol of the younger element of his party, and they gave an enthusiastic indorsement to his plans. He wrote his own platform, in which a tariff for revenue and free coinage of silver were the cardinal planks, and entered upon a canvass now memorable in the political annals of the State. One of his first moves was to challenge his opponent, Congressman W. J. Connell, to joint debate. Connell was an Omaha lawyer, who had been fairly successful in practice at the Bar, and, contrary to Bryan's expectations, he accepted the challenge. He was, however, no match for Bryan, and when the votes were counted it was found that the latter had overturned a Republican majority of three thousand two hundred and carried the district by six thousand eight hundred.

While a resident of Illinois Mr. Bryan had rendered yeoman political service to Congressman Springer, and in the preliminary contest for the speakership in the Fifty-second Congress he espoused that gentleman's cause. When Springer made his terms with Crisp he rewarded Bryan's devotion by securing him a place on the Ways and Means committee. His maiden speech was delivered March 16th, 1892, in support of the Springer free-wool bill. It placed him at a single bound in the front ranks of the advocates of a revenue tariff. His readiness and resources as a debater soon made him a dangerous antagonist, and the eminence he gained was maintained during his entire term of service. In 1892 he was renominated. The State had been redistricted and the First made strongly Republican. Allen W. Field, of Lincoln, an able lawyer, was pitted against him, but Bryan pulled through by the slender majority of one hundred and forty-two. He declined to make the race a third time, and since his retirement from Congress he has divided his time between editorial work on the Omaha *World-Herald* and the spreading of the silver propaganda in the West and South.

When Mr. Bryan came to Nebraska he wore a heavy beard and mustache, but he soon discarded both. He has a strong, clean-cut, fine-lined face. His eye is kindly yet piercing. His hair is raven black, with a widening circle of baldness upon the crown of his head. He is athletic in build, and his massive head in profile is strikingly like that of his distinguished opponent, Major McKinley. A distinguishing feature of the man is the unusual width of his mouth, although the lips are thin and sensitive. He is a handsome man, whose appearance before an audience inevitably attracts instant attention and interest. The predominant characteristic of his countenance is frankness. His mental alertness is shown in every movement of his eyes, his features, his lips. His voice is strong, resonant, pleasing, capable of any modulation. His gestures are graceful and easy, and before an audience he is a consummate actor, his voice and body lending themselves easily to the necessities of the moment. His manners are most engaging. He never betrays passion, but candor, earnestness, and sincerity are the impressions he gives to his auditors. He is plain, simple, direct in language, and draws his illustrations impartially from the classics and from current history.

Mr. Bryan is not a demagogue; his sincerity and his earnestness are too evident. He is a man convinced that his is the cause of the people; that it is bound to triumph; that not all the hordes of organized wealth can defeat that cause upon which he believes God has placed the seal, "Just." Secure in that conviction, he has resisted all temptations to secure riches and certain honors by wearing the livery of plutocracy, one of which is said to have involved the offer,

from an Eastern State, of a United States Senatorship as long as he wished—supposed to have come from Tammany. In his early life he looked forward to a Congressional career, and with that end in view he fitted himself for discussion of the great problems of government. After his triumphs in Congress he dreamed of the Presidency, but the nomination has come to him earlier than he believed likely.

Mr. Bryan is a politician of the higher type. He likes politics. He believes that every young man should take an active interest in the game, and he believes the country would be all the better for it if they did. He is adroit, active, audacious, and tireless, and under his generalship the old leaders have been overthrown. His victory was achieved partly through tactical skill and partly through the hold he has upon the affections of his followers. His only reverse has been a defeat for the United States Senatorship. In 1894 he made an offensive and defensive alliance with the Populists to secure the majority of the Legislature, and, though defeated, it was a close call for the Republicans, twenty of their Assemblymen being victors by less than fifty votes.

Mr. Bryan is a religious man, a trait of character inherited from his father, who frequently interrupted the work of his court to engage in prayer. But his piety is not demonstrative or intrusive. He is a man of admirable poise of character, has never been heard to utter a profane word, nor does he use tobacco or intoxicants in any form.

Mr. Bryan's domestic relations have been most felicitous. He was married twelve years ago to Mary Baird, the daughter of a well-to-do merchant of Perry, Illinois, and three children, Ruth, aged eleven, William J., aged six, and Grace, aged five, have blessed the union. He resides at 1625 D Street, in a handsome home in which, through the generosity of his father-in-law, he was enabled to begin life in the West. Mrs. Bryan is a finely educated woman, a leader in club life in the city, and thoroughly devoted to her husband. She believes he is destined to accomplish great things, and is confident of his election to the Presidency. After their marriage, in order to identify herself more closely with her husband's life-work, she studied law and was admitted to the Bar after a satisfactory examination by a critical board, but she has never practiced. She is studious, like her husband, and their library contains but little fiction, the orations of the moderns and the ancients and treatises on political economy predominating. She cares little for society. Her devotion to her husband's interests is fully appreciated by him. HARRY T. DOBBINS.

## An American Beauty.

LADY PHILIP GREY EGERTON enjoys the amply merited reputation of being the loveliest American of recent years who has wedded with a scion of the English nobility. Her beauty and her belatedness were supreme when, scarce out of her teens, in Washington, as Mary Wayne Cuyler, of Morristown, New Jersey, she was wooed and won a few years ago by Sir Philip Grey Egerton, of Oulton Park, Cheshire, England, the best match of the realm then, of vast estates and heir-presumptive to a dukedom.

Lady Grey Egerton, the daughter of a famous belle and beauty, *née* Wayne, is the great-



LADY PHILIP GREY EGERTON, NÉE MISS M. W. CUYLER.

grand-daughter of "Mad Anthony Wayne," of Revolutionary fame, the celebrated hero of the battle of Saratoga.

She is the most gracious, hospitable chatelaine at her superb English home, and glories in the distinction of being "the joyful mother" of twins. DAINY FITZGUGH AYRES.

## Our Bogs and Ponds.

EVERY defect in nature can be remedied by applying the rules of art, and by a little judicious selection and cultivation. Many disagreeable disfigurements in the landscape can be converted into positive objects of beauty, and it is in this respect that fundamental rules of landscape art are of value to every owner of a suburban piece of land. The lawn, garden, field, and roadside will have occasional ugly spots, which, if they do not entirely destroy the beauty of the rest of the place, will largely detract from its general appearance.

Our bogs and ponds are too frequently the most ugly and unsightly objects in the landscape, and a good piece of property loses one-quarter of its value simply from the presence of such a marshy place. Such spots, however, may be converted into gardens of such beauty as to add to the value of the premises. The floral beauties of bogs and ponds exceed often those of the cultivated garden and field. So grand and magnificent are many of these aquatic growths that they are eagerly sought after by florists for cultivation indoors. In the dense swamps, among the marshy bogs of some meadow, and around an old muddy pond, this large class of native plants may be found growing in abundance until we wonder at the designs and beauties of wild nature.

The tall ferns are delicate and green in their marshy home; the mosses and lichens appear with their subdued colors creeping out of strange nooks; the wild calla- or tiger-lilies reflect the golden rays of the sun from their fiery chalice; and further out in the pond the magnificent pond-lilies give such a perfect carpeting to the surface of the water that one stops in admiration. All of these plants, and a score of more, grow wild around the ponds and bogs, and they can be made to grow as luxuriantly on the border of any marshy place nearer the house. They will bear transplanting well, and if placed in similar soil they will soon spread and grow beautifully.

Weeping willows should be planted around a marshy bog, and the wild lilies of the lakes should be given a foothold in the mud. Around the borders of the lake ferns, lichens, and mosses will thrive and hide the muddy bank from view. The common water-lily is a beauty which is desired by all, and it can be made to thrive easily in any pond. In the warm South it attains a much larger size than in the North, but it loses its fragrance in the hot climates. It is found in bogs and ponds from Florida to Canada, and in a scientific way it is known as the *Nymphaea odorata*. It loves rich soil, still water, and plenty of mud. Given these conditions, and a proper transplanting, and one may be sure of having beautiful pond-lilies in the old pond that has long been an eye-sore to the place. One may obtain roots from the ponds or lakes in the summer or autumn, and by pressing them down in the mud at the bottom of the pond they will grow. If the water is deep they can be planted simply by tying a stone to their roots and throwing them in the water. The stone will anchor them in the mud until they grow and get established. When once established they grow rapidly and persistently. They will cover the whole bog or pond in a few years, their leaves and large flowers floating on the surface of the water, while the innumerable long roots will dangle below in the water. The buds are gathered weekly from the first of June until the first of October, and this is continued every season for many years.

The pond-lilies continue to spread both from the seeds which they throw around thickly in the fall, and from the growth of the roots. It is this double process which makes them spread over any lake so quickly, and to form in the course of time a deep, heavily-matted surface of leaves and flowers.

If transplanted to the pond or bog near the garden, no protection is needed in the winter, if the water is deep and remains in the hole all the year round. But if it dries up in the autumn, or is very shallow, some slight protection is frequently necessary. Deep rows of weeping willows around the borders of the water will often suffice to ward off the cold winds and frosts. But a better protection is to use the leaves and litter of the woods, which can be scraped up by the wagon-load in the autumn. Dump this in the bog so that a foot or more of litter covers the roots of the lilies. This is the best protection that can be given to them, and in the spring, before the roots have begun to grow, this litter should be raked up and carted away.

If the pond is small, the lilies may be grown in tubs or boxes. Fill the boxes with good, rich soil, and plant the roots in them. Place these boxes in the pond about ten or fifteen feet apart, and the water will cover them from sight. The lilies will grow in this way, and one would suppose that they were natural to the lake. In the autumn the water can be drained off a little, and the boxes be taken up to be transferred to the barn or cellar. By protecting them with



leaves and litter the plants will keep well enough in any warm barn or cellar, and by next spring they will be ready to grow again when put in the water.

There are many varieties of this wild water-lily, and they differ only in size and color. Some are pure white with a yellow centre, and others have their white leaves striped with pink. The famous Cape Cod water-lily is a pink variety. The first pink variety of the wild

It seems certain, on the other hand, that the game must pass into a state of innocuous desuetude during the spring and fall months, the ideal times for riding.

### A Bicycle and Train Race.

An interesting race was had a few days since at Syracuse between the Stearns sextuplet bicycle and the Empire State express train on the

ing affairs, proposed a rule somewhere along in 1887 whereby yachts might be classified. It was adopted in that year by the Yacht-racing Association, and among the first of the yachts to be built under it was the cup-challenger, *Thistle*. This is the formula: Length on water-line times sail area divided by six thousand, or  $L \times S. A.$

—rating. As an example, the *Queen Mab*, a very well-known

boat hereabouts, though of English design, has a sail area of four thousand square feet and a length on the water-line of sixty feet. Thus, according to formula, the *Queen Mab* is of forty rating, or a forty-rater.

In the half-rating class a water-line length of fifteen feet and a sail area of two hundred square feet would give a five rating.

The dimensions of the *Wee Winn*, a picture of which appears elsewhere, together with some well-known English half-raters, are: Length, water-line, 17.04; sail area, 177.20.

Last year, however, this rule was abandoned by the yacht-racing association, the new formula reading: The sum of length on water-line, greatest beam, under-water girth, square root of sail area divided by 2.

Thus, a five-rating under the old becomes an eighteen-foot rating under the new rule, and a one-rater, according to the new rule, is of twenty-four-foot rating.

According to many experts this taking in of new elements with the idea of checking the growth of disturbing excrecences in the larger classes is not a wise one, and that the simple rule of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club is the most scientific rule as well as the most satisfactory.

The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club uses this formula in determining racing length: Length on water-line plus the square root of sail area, and this sum divided by 2.

It has been said, and with truth, that "in America there is an unfortunate belief that a man owns a small yacht because he cannot afford to own a large one; whereas in Great Britain many of the keenest small-boat sailors are dukes, lords, and men of title and position. In America a man too often gets the largest boat he can for his money; in England he aims to get the best boat of a certain size that money will procure."

Now this is no longer true, and the tendency among American yachtsmen is unquestionably toward small-boat racing.

For a moment glance at the page of pictures showing the special class of thirty-footers. Though not very small boats, they are small compared to an up-to-date America's Cup defender or challenger.

The sport to be had in handling one of these boats may be easily imagined from a cursory glance at the pictures of a group of them starting and reaching along at a tremendous clip.

#### A BOOM IN PRINCETON COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

The Princeton College Athletic Association has engaged Trainer Walter Christie, the professional sprinter and coach of the Columbia Track and Field Team this year, to take charge of affairs the coming season of 1897, with the idea, of course, of getting Princeton out of the ruck where, in track and field athletics, she has been for years.

Christie, during the past two years—in 1895 coaching Williams—has done well as a coach, and would have done better had he had a plenty of the right material on which to work. At Princeton, for once, he will find a fertile field, and it seems certain that with much energy, perseverance, and skill, of which he seems greatly possessed, Princeton will be heard from at the intercollegiate meet in 1897.

According to Princeton graduate enthusiasts the engagement of Christie means a boom which can only end in placing Princeton's team on an equal footing with those of the present leaders, Yale, Harvard, and the University of Pennsylvania.

#### ANOTHER CASE OF GOLF VS. TENNIS.

Last week I took occasion to point out the inroads being made into the ranks of tennis men by the craze for golf.

Meeting Carroll P. Post, a well-known tennis expert, the other day, I asked him how the spring tennis tournament of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, had resulted, and he replied: "Why, we did not have any tournament this year. Couldn't get any one to enter,

and I am convinced that golf for the most part and the bicycle have completely hypnotized our players. In the fall I have hopes of getting a decent list of entries, but all the same the future of tennis is not a rosy one, in my opinion."

#### CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

The programme for this season's cruise of America's premier yacht club did not differ from those of previous years.

After the rendezvous at Glen Cove, August 3d, the "commodore cups" were sailed for, then the usual races from port to port through Long Island Sound to the eastward followed.

At this writing much interest is being shown in the race for the Goelet cups off Newport and scheduled for August 7th. This race has always been one, if not the chief, event of the entire cruise, and this year interest is heightened by the larger entry-list, which includes the crack schooner of the year, the *Colonia*.

#### WRENN WORKING HARD FOR THE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

In a recent match at lawn tennis former champion Bob Wrenn defeated the present holder of the title, Fred Hovey. The former played throughout a steady and at times brilliant game.

At the time of Wrenn's defeat last year, it will be recalled, the opinion was general that he had not properly prepared himself to defend the title, having indulged in base-ball and foot-ball to excess and become played out physically.

That he practiced too little for the event was shown by his game, which was not nearly so good as that shown when he defeated Goodbody in 1894.

This season, however, it looks very much as though he were working hard, with the determination of again winning the title. And his many friends and admirers believe he will succeed.

While Wrenn is a player of great endurance and nerve, never letting anything influence his game for the worse, Hovey is of the "up-and-down" kind—first playing great tennis, then mediocre tennis. Had he Wrenn's head and temperament he would be invincible.

*A. T. Bull.*

### Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known, are sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to sufferers from Asthma and Hay-fever. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

**A SPOONFUL OF**

**ROYAL**

**BAKING**

**POWDER**

**Will Raise**

**ONE-THIRD MORE**

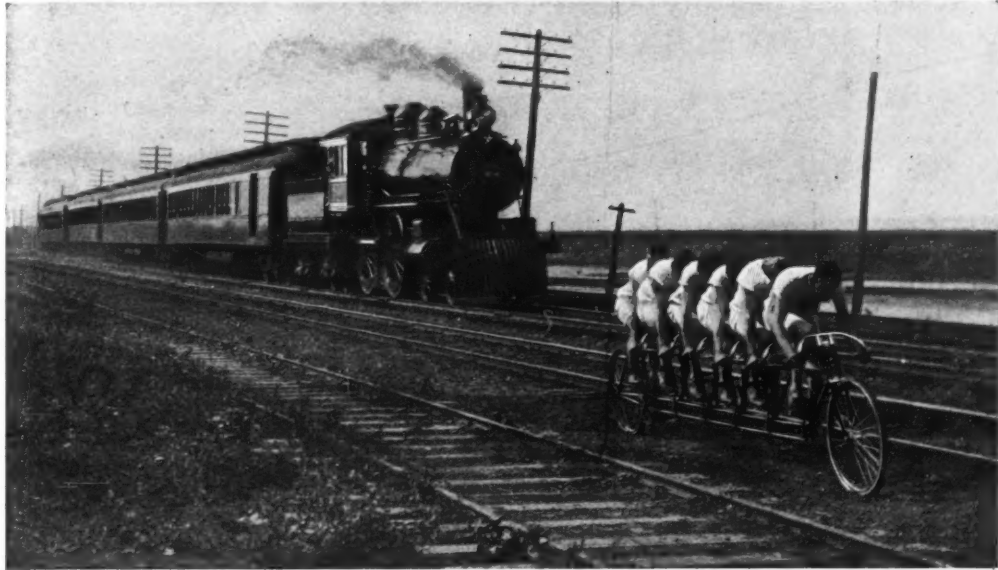
**BISCUIT THAN THE**

**SAME QUANTITY OF**

**ANY OTHER BAKING**

**POWDER**

**ABSOLUTELY PURE**



THE STEARNS SEXTUPLET BICYCLE BEATS THE EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS.  
Copyright, 1896, by Arthur P. Yates, Syracuse, New York.

water-lily was originated in New Hampshire, and the others have been produced by mixing them. So popular have the lilies become for cultivation in private gardens and parks that florists are now introducing new varieties and novelties every year, so that before long the list will be an extensive one. But for ordinary decorative purposes around bogs or ponds in the garden, the common, wild white and yellow variety is sufficient, and any unpleasant spot in the landscape that can be covered with these blooming flowers will certainly be converted into an object of beauty and admiration.

GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

### Lawn Tennis at Central Park.

WHEN the many devotees of lawn tennis turn out in numbers upon the beautiful green in Central Park to while away an afternoon in friendly play, the scene is one of rare beauty. Sitting off at a little distance on one of the many overlooking hillocks, one sees a picture which for the fineness of its coloring and spirited, graceful action cannot be surpassed.

While the courts collectively are not of the finest, a certain few offer the much-to-be-desired firm and well-kept turf, free of holes and any unevenness. And upon these latter a number of tennis-players, to-day classed as experts in the tennis world, have gained their knowledge and subsequent skill in the finer points of the game.

In a great measure tennis, like golf, is played by persons of means sufficient not only to purchase the needed implements of play, but to discharge the usual debts incident to membership in a club. At Central Park, however, he or she of the masses may indulge a fondness for the game at comparatively little expense. For this reason tennis upon New York's great and free pleasure-ground is decidedly popular, and eminently serves the one grand purpose for which it was created.

Frequently, several years ago, the capacity of the tennis grounds became severely taxed, and it was a question of get there early in order to get the chance to play. Now, however, and because of the advent of the bicycle and the very general craze for its use—oftentimes misused—the attendance has fallen off greatly. Indeed, to such an extent has the bicycle infatuated the people that the question is now an open one as to the almost complete relegation of tennis to the games of the dead past.

Only a short while ago, at Providence, Rhode Island, the usual spring meeting of a well-known and large tennis club had to be postponed until the fall because of the few entries. And everywhere it is the same story.

There are days, however, at Central Park now when there is a resumption of old-time enthusiasm and full attendance, and the accompanying picture by our special artist depicts cleverly one of these days.

And during July and August, when the days become so hot as to render cycling unpleasant, it is reasonably sure that the courts at Central Park will continue to be well used.

New York Central. The race was a half-mile dash and there were two trials. On the outgoing trip the sextuplet led the express in a half-mile dash by three lengths. On the incoming trip the express, which was under full head and running at the rate of over a mile a minute, defeated the sextuplet for a half-mile by several lengths. Races of this sort are watched with interest, serving as they do to illustrate the possibilities of the bicycle, but it goes without saying that they have little real value, since steam and electricity will always outrun the wheel in long-distance travel. If a bicycle could be developed which could be propelled by electric force it would become a serious rival of the locomotive for individual and light-parcels transportation.

### AMATEUR ATHLETICS

#### The Half-Rater and the Thirty-footer.

THE Bembridge Sailing Club, in the Isle of Wight, England, is responsible for the half-rater, having originated the class in 1891, in pursuance of their policy of encouraging racing among small boats. Most of the boats built through this club's influence were designed by Arthur E. Payne. In 1892 the Herreshoffs, of Bristol, Rhode Island, were attracted to the class and built in that year the *Wee Winn* for an English lady, Miss Sutton. She swept all before her, and in 1893 scored this record: Starts, sixteen; first prizes, twelve; other prizes, three.

The half-rater may be briefly described as a very small boat, just a bit bigger than a canoe, with about fifteen feet load water-line and twenty-three feet over all, and carries a crew of two.

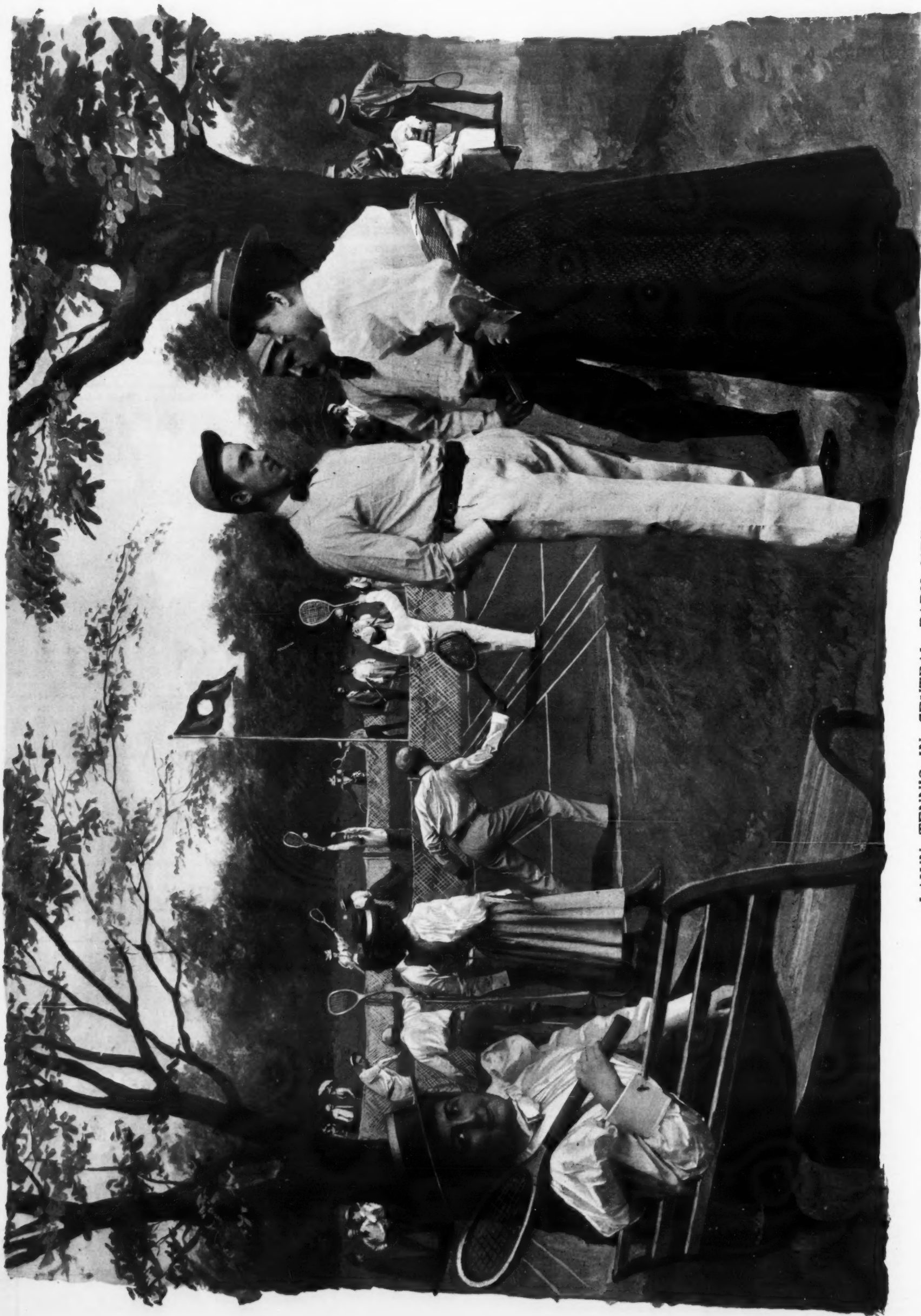
They are capable of giving more sport to the square inch than a ninety-footer to the square yard. While the *Defender*, for instance, could stow away one of these little chaps in her cabin, it should not be forgotten that while the big boat's maximum speed is fourteen to fifteen knots, that of the half-rater is in the neighborhood of seven.

The half-rater furnishes a good model with which to carry on the evolution of speed and yacht-designing, and will do it sooner, owing to the greater number built (witness more than thirty built this year, from which the *El Heirie* was chosen to defend the Seawanhaka-Corinthian International Cup for half-raters), and at the same time they possess the advantage over larger boats of being cheap, easily handled, inexpensive to run, and may be safely and expeditiously freighted by rail or steamer in order to sail a race in distant waters or for other purposes.

Last year, when the *Ethelwynn* sailed the *Spruce IV* for the cup, there was no end to the questions of what "rating" is, and this year curiosity has been even more aroused.

Dixon Kemp, the high priest in English yacht-





LAWN TENNIS IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

[SEE PAGE 107.]

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PROCESSION OF THE MAHMAL IN CAIRO, EGYPT, PREPARATORY TO A PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.  
*London Graphic.*



THE BODIES OF EXECUTED PERSIAN ROBBERS EXHIBITED AS A WARNING TO MALEFACTORS.—*Illustrated London News.*



DR. L. S. JAMESON, RECENTLY SENTENCED TO FIFTEEN MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT FOR PARTICIPATING IN THE TRANSVAAL RAID.—*Illustrated London News.*



LI HUNG CHANG AND HIS SUITE, NOW IN LONDON.—*St. Paul's.*

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.



## CHAUTAQUA LAKE.

SUMMER life has begun at Chautauqua, and hundreds are flocking to the shores of the beautiful lake which has the distinction of being the highest navigable body of water on the globe.

To leave New York in the evening and be at Chautauqua Lake for breakfast is something new. This is possible, however, by the improved train service of the Erie Railroad. Here it is: Leave New York, Chambers Street, 7:30 P. M. Twenty-third Street five minutes earlier; arrive Lakewood (Lake Chautauqua station) 7:04 A. M., central time. This is a solid vestibuled train and runs through to Cleveland, where it arrives 1:15 P. M. Three other trains leave New York daily for Chautauqua Lake points via the Erie, all of them fast. More can be learned of them by application at: 401 Broadway, 957 Broadway, Chambers Street Station, Twenty-third Street Station, 393 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; D. I. Roberts, General Passenger Agent, 21 Cortlandt Street, New York.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY'S SUMMER EXCURSION ROUTE BOOK.

THE MOST COMPLETE PUBLICATION OF ITS KIND.

THE Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, on June 1st, publish its annual Summer Excursion Route Book. This work, which is compiled with the utmost care and exactness, is designed to provide the public with short descriptive notes of the principal summer resorts of Eastern America, with the routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. There are over four hundred resorts in the book, to which rates are quoted, and over fifteen hundred different ways of reaching them, or combinations of routes are set out in detail. The book is the most complete and comprehensive hand-book of summer travel ever offered to the public.

Its two hundred and fifteen pages are inclosed in a handsome and striking cover in colors. Several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold, are bound in the book. It is also profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad and elsewhere.

Any doubt as to where the summer should be passed will be dispelled after a careful examination of the contents of this publication.

On and after June 1st it may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents; or, upon application to the general office, Broad Street Station, by mail for twenty cents.

## RECALLED STORMY TIMES.

"WELL, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast-table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

In the warehouses of Sohmer & Co., 149-155 East Fourteenth Street, the reader will find instruments that cannot be surpassed, and the purchaser is perfectly assured of getting the best article in the market at a very reasonable figure.

MOTHERS give their children Abbott's Angostura Bitters for colic, nausea, etc. Be sure you get Abbott's; there are others. Druggists.

## SUMMER VACATION TOURS.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio River a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain, and seashore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31st. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the Baltimore and Ohio book of "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours." All Baltimore and Ohio ticket agents at principal points have them, or they will be sent upon receipt of ten cents, for postage, by Charles O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Maryland.

THERE are people using Dobbins' Electric Soap today who commenced its use in 1895. Would this be the case were it not the purest and most economical soap made? Ask your grocer for it. Look out for imitations. Dobbins'.

THE public knows Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is the only genuine—no substitutes.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

## JURORS.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONER OF JURORS IN REGARD TO CLAIMS FOR EXEMPTION FROM JURY DUTY.

Room 127, Stewart Building, No. 280 Broadway, Third Floor, New York, June 6th, 1896.

Claims for exemption from jury duty will be heard by me daily at my office, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M. Those entitled to exemption are clergymen, lawyers, physicians, surgeons, surgeon dentists, professors or teachers in a college, academy, or public school; editors, editorial writers or reporters of daily newspapers; licensed pharmacists or druggists actually engaged in their respective professions and not following any other calling; militiamen, policemen, and firemen; election officers; non-residents; and city employees and United States employees; officers of vessels making regular trips; licensed pilots actually following that calling; superintendents, conductors, and engineers of a railroad company other than a street railroad company; telegraph operators actually doing duty as such; Grand, Sheriff's, and Civil Court jurors; and persons physically incapable of performing jury duty by reason of severe sickness, deafness, or other physical disorder.

Those who have not answered as to their liability or proved permanent exemption will receive a "jury enrollment notice," requiring them to appear before me this year. Whether liable or not, such notices must be answered (in person, if possible, and at this office only, under severe penalties. If exempt, the party must bring proof of exemption; if liable, he must also answer in person, giving full and correct name, residence, etc., etc. No attention paid to letters.

All good citizens will aid the course of justice and secure reliable and respectable juries and equalize their duty by being promptly when summoned, allowing their clerks or subordinates to serve, reporting to me any attempt at bribery or evasion, and suggesting names for enrollment. Persons between twenty-one and seventy years of age, summer absentees, persons temporarily ill, and United States jurors are not exempt.

Every man must attend to his own notice. It is a misdemeanor to give any jury paper to another to answer. It is also punishable by fine or imprisonment to give or receive any present or bribe, directly or indirectly, in relation to a jury service, or to withhold any paper or make any false statement, and every case will be fully prosecuted.

WILLIAM PLIMLEY, Commissioner of Jurors.

## "HUNTER Baltimore Rye"



The American Gentleman's WHISKEY.

FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICINAL USE.

10 YEARS OLD.

THE BEST WHISKEY IN AMERICA

Endorsed by Leading Physicians when stimulant is prescribed.

"Drink HUNTER RYE. Pure, Old, Mellow. It is pure."

First-class Cafes and by Jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

The more you use it the more you like it—It's purifying and beautifying—does away with paints, powders and cosmetics, keeps skin healthy and gives the complexion a natural beauty.

**CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP** (Persian Healing)

Sold by druggists.

**This 1896 SEARCH LIGHT**

PRICE \$5.00

The only strictly first class bicycle lantern on the market.

Ask your dealer or send to  
BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.  
19 Murray Street, New York  
85-87 Pearl Street, Boston  
17 No. 7th St., Philadelphia, Conn.

Send for Catalogue No. 45.

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue de l'Archives, Paris  
Sold by all Druggists.

**DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED.**  
Our INVISIBLE TUBE cushions help when all else fails as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiseox Co., 205 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Frocks FREE

## HOW TO MAKE

**WOMEN BEAUTIFUL**

Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty owing to undeveloped figures, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

It is impossible to grow full and develop in an advertisement. Send 6c. in stamps and a descriptive circular, with testimonials, by return mail.

**ADIPO-MALENE.**  
L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

**LONDON (ENGLAND).**  
THE LANCHEM Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

**OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS**  
Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.



## The Doctor Says

that a tonic is needed. Perhaps he prescribes one. If he is an intelligent, up to date physician the chances are that he advises the use of

## ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK.

—the food drink. Malt-Nutrine is a wonderful vitalizer and flesh builder—recognized and recommended as such by the medical profession in general.

For sale by all druggists.

Prepared by ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASSOCIATION, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter

**WHAT IS SAPOLIO?**

It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it...

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO. ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.



The Picturesque and ONLY All-Rail Route running Through Drawing-Room Cars between:

New York, Philadelphia and Bloomville,

AND BETWEEN

Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Long Branch, New York and Kingston to Saratoga and Lake George,

DURING THE SUMMER SEASON

The Favorite Route of Business and Pleasure Travel between

EAST, WEST, NORTHWEST AND SOUTHWEST.

THE FAST EXPRESS TRAINS over this line have elegant Palace and Sleeping Cars between New York, Boston, Kingston, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls, to Hamilton, Toronto, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, and St. Louis, without change.

For tickets, time-tables, and full information apply to any Ticket Agent, WEST SHORE RAILROAD, or address

C. E. LAMBERT, General Passenger Agent, No. 5 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York.

Within the reach of all. ACCIDENT TICKETS. THE INTER-STATE Casualty Company of New York gives SIX MONTHS' insurance, \$1,000 for \$1.00, to Men or Women

between 18 and 60 years of age, against accidental death. \$100,000 deposited with the Insurance Department of the State of New York for the security of the insured.

For Sale at LANSING'S TICKET OFFICES, 397 Broadway, New York.

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY WANTED**

competent Club Agents (Women, Men, Girls or Boys) in every town in the U. S. to get orders for our celebrated goods. LIBERAL TERMS: Good Income. Big Presents with every sale. Good Teas and Coffees, 25c. per pound. Send this ad and 16c. in stamps, and we will mail you a 14 pound Best Imported Tea, any kind, and full particulars.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. (L. W.), 31 & 33 Vesey Street, New York, P.O. Box 289.

**No. 4711 Essence OF RHINE \* VIOLETS**

(Name Registered.) THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES

If you want a real Violet Perfume, be sure you get "No. 4711 Rhine Violets" It is not a combination of other scents, but is absolutely true to the flower. Cut this advertisement out and show it to your dealer.

MULHENS & KROFF, New York, U.S. Agent.



OH! AIN'T THIS FUN  
TO RATHER TEETER  
THAN RIDE ON THE CARS.



I HADN'T  
AND PAPA AND MAMA AND I  
ARE GOING TO  
PORTLAND, OREGON ON  
THE CARS, AND WE ARE GOING ON  
THE NORTHERN PACIFIC TOO.  
PAPA SAYS THAT IS THE NICEST  
ROAD OF ALL, AND WE ARE  
GOING TO STOP AT YELLOWSTONE  
PARK.

SEND SIX CENTS IN STAMPS  
FOR 'WONDERLAND '96'  
CHAS. S. FEE  
GENL. PASS. AGENT,  
ST. PAUL, MINN.

**PABST**  
MILWAUKEE

The Operation  
after the surgeon—the knife—  
comes slow recovery.  
Get well and strong by using  
**Pabst Malt Extract**  
The "Best" Tonic

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS  
PABST HAS MADE IT SO



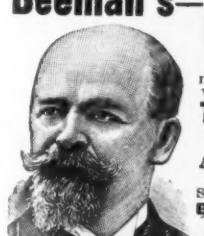
THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS

**Beeman's** THE ORIGINAL  
**Pepsin Gum**

CAUTION.—See that the  
name Beeman is on each  
wrapper.

The Perfection of  
Chewing Gum


And a Delicious Remedy for  
Indigestion and Sea Sickness.  
Send 5c. for sample package.  
**Beeman Chemical Co.**  
110 Lake St., Cleveland, O.  
Originators of  
Pepsin Chewing Gum.



**Crawford**  
Bicycle

Its distinctive  
points of per-  
fection render it  
unsurpassed—  
unsurpassable.

For adults and juveniles—9 styles.  
The CRAWFORD MFG. CO. Makers,  
Factory and Main Offices:  
HAGERSTOWN, MD.  
Branch Houses: N. Y. City,  
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BROOKLYN & DOWSE CO., Boston, New England, Agents.

**BLOOD POISON**  
A SPECIALTY

Primary, Sec-  
ondary or Ter-  
tiary BLOOD POISON permanently  
cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at  
home for same price under same guaran-  
tee. If you prefer to come here we will con-  
tract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and  
no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mer-  
cury, iodide, potash, and still have aches and  
pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat,  
Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on  
any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling  
out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON  
we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate  
cases and challenge the world for a  
case we cannot cure. This disease has always  
baffled the skill of the most eminent physi-  
cians. \$500,000 capital behind our uncondi-  
tional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on  
application. Address **COOK REMEDY CO.**  
307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

**NERVES  
BRAINS**

Men suffering from excesses and dissipation,  
or men with jaded brains and nerves, restored  
to health and the enjoyment of life by the Old  
Dr. Hallock Famous Electric Pills. Vital forces  
renewed. A quick cure for Nervous Debility,  
weakness, and diseases peculiar to men.  
Effects in 2 to 10 days. They will make a new  
man of you. Cure guaranteed. \$1.00 a box; but  
to inspire confidence we send a regular

**\$1.00 BOX OF  
MEDICINE FREE**

and a valuable book (for men only), both sent  
closely sealed, on receipt of 10c. to cover postage.  
Advice on private diseases free. Address,  
**HALLOCK MEDICAL INSTITUTE,**  
110 Court St., Boston, Mass.

HAVE YOUR  
**Shells loaded**  
WITH



**LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.,**  
Manufacturers of  
Black and Smokeless  
Sporting and Military Powders.

NEW YORK. NASHVILLE.  
CHICAGO. PITTSBURG.  
CINCINNATI. DENVER.  
BALTIMORE. NEW ORLEANS.  
POTTSVILLE.

ARGUMENT.  
**GOLD OR SILVER?**  
★ ★ ★  
GOLD.  
A COIN CATECHISM.  
BY J. K. UPTON.  
Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Secre-  
taries Sherman, Windom and Folger. Finan-  
cial Statistician of the Eleventh Census.

"GENTLEMEN: I read Mr. J. K. Upton's book on  
Coinage, and think it is a valuable addition to the  
literature on that subject. Mr. Upton is now and  
has for many years been connected with the Treas-  
ury Department, having been Chief Clerk and As-  
sistant Secretary when I was Secretary, and the  
accuracy of his statements on financial matters  
may be implicitly relied upon."  
"Very truly yours,  
"JOHN SHERMAN."

Prices (delivered), cloth, 50c.; paper, 25c.

SILVER.  
COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL.  
BY W. H. HARVEY.  
"This book tells its readers more about Gold,  
Silver and currency generally than any other  
publication we know of, and in a way that every  
man can fully comprehend."  
"CHICAGO INTER OCEAN."

Price (delivered), paper bound, 25c.

Demorest Purchasing Bureau,  
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# BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Rheumatism, Gravel, Bright's, Etc.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, Health Officer, New York City.  
"BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is a potent remedy in correcting rheumatic diathesis,  
of uric acid gravel, in which I recently prescribed  
it (Spring No. 2), its beneficial effects were apparent after the third dose. I have also prescribed it with  
great benefit in Bright's disease of the kidneys."  
Sold by druggists. Pamphlet free. Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

## THE MAN OF THE HOUR.



Copyright Photograph, 1896, by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

Copies of Judge's magnificent double-page portrait (size 14 x 21 inches) of McKINLEY, printed in 14  
colors on heavy plate paper, without any printing on the back, can be had by sending five two-cent postage-  
stamps. This is the handsomest piece of color work that has been issued in a long time by any American  
publishing house, and is well worth framing. Address **JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY**, 110 Fifth  
Avenue, New York.  
A copy of the portrait in a handsome gold frame and mat will be sent for \$1.50.

## Lake Champlain and Lake George,

THE LARGEST and MOST BEAUTIFUL lakes in the Adirondack System, are  
known and loved by thousands, but there are hundreds of thousands who do not know  
that in this section are the finest summer hotels in the world, or that the route through  
Saratoga Springs and these lakes is the greatest scenic highway of pleasure travel.  
The handsome illustrated catalogue of summer hotels and boarding-houses just  
issued by the **Delaware & Hudson Railroad**  
contains full information about these lovely, historic localities and other resorts along  
the "Leading Tourists' Line." Sent free on receipt of 4 cents postage.

J. W. BURDICK, General Passenger Agent, Albany, N. Y.

H. G. YOUNG, 2d Vice-President.

## Lovell Bicycles.

The  
Best  
Made

## Why?

Because they are made by a long  
established and reliable house.  
The name "LOVELL" is its guar-  
antee, and is known the world  
over.

## LOVELL "DIAMOND," LOVELL "SPECIAL," LOVELL "EXCEL."

All Sizes, Styles and Prices.

CATALOGUE FREE.

John P. Lovell  
Arms Co., Manufacturers,  
BOSTON, MASS.

**LINE**  
TRADE MARK  
**REVERSIBLE**  
COLLARS AND CUFFS.

MADE OF FINE CLOTH IN ALL POPULAR STYLES.  
Equal in Fit and Wear to finest linen  
Not to be laundered; when soiled reverse, then discard.  
LUXURIOUS and ECONOMICAL.

Sold at all leading Gents' Furnishing Stores, but if not found  
send twenty-five cents for a box of ten Collars  
or five pairs of Cuffs, naming the size and style.  
Sample Collar and pair of Cuffs sent for 4 CENTS.  
REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO. Boston, 77 Franklin St., New York

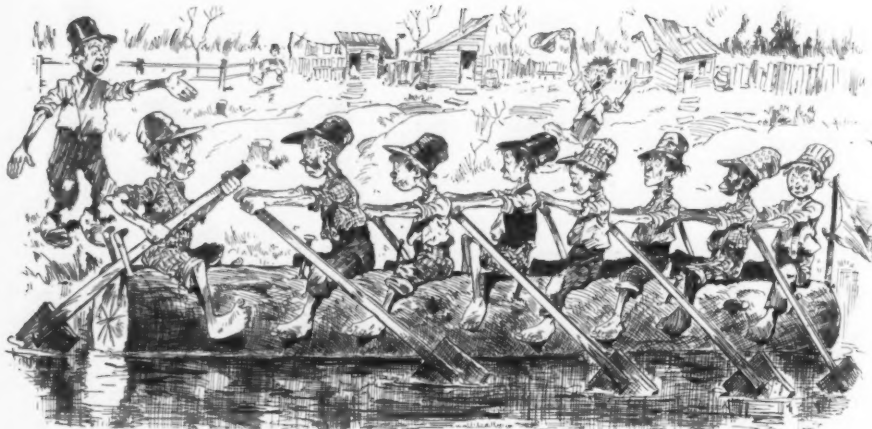
THE CELEBRATED  
**SOHMER**  
Pianos are the Best.  
Warehouses: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.  
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not con-  
found the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly  
sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—  
**S-O-H-M-E-R.**  
and Whiskey Habit cured at  
home without pain. Book  
of particulars sent FREE.  
**OPIUM** R. M. WOOLLEY M.D.  
Atlanta, Ga. Office, 104 Pryor Street.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**  
A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST  
DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A  
DELICACY IN DRINKS.  
For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers,  
Liquor Dealers and Druggists.

PUBLISHERS,  
PRINTERS AND  
LITHOGRAPHERS

Desiring paper of superior excellence and uniformity can secure it of the makers of the papers used in  
the various publications of THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY.





IN TRAINING.

THE COACH—"Now, then, stroke, spit on yer han's an' put some backbone inter yer work. This ain't no ladies' tea-party. See?"

**PERFECTION**  
is a high  
**IDEAL**  
BUT THE  
**Rambler**  
Bicycle  
MORE  
NEARLY  
DEFINES  
IT THAN  
ANY OTHER  
**WHEEL**

Beautifully illustrated Rambler Book, filling all about wheels, free of any Rambler Agency in the U.S.  
**GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG.**  
CHICAGO, BOSTON, WASHINGTON, NEW YORK, BROOKLYN,  
DETROIT, COVENTRY, ENGLAND.

### The Club Cocktails



**Manhattan,  
Martini, Whiskey,  
Holland Gin,  
Tom Gin, Vermouth,  
and York.**

For the Yacht.  
For the Sea Shore.  
For the Mountains.  
For the Fishing Party.  
For the Camping Party.  
For the Summer Hotel.

No Pleasure Party complete  
without them.  
Sold by all Druggists  
and Dealers.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.**

SOLE PROPRIETORS,  
39 Broadway, New York. Hartford, Conn.  
And 20 Piccadilly, W., London, England.



Palmer Fabric makes a Tire Elastic, Easy Riding and Fast (taking less strength to propel). They are Durable, Guaranteed and Easy to Mend. They are expensive, and only found on High-Grade Wheels.

Palmer Pneumatic Tire Co., - Chicago, Ill.  
Facts About Pneumatic Tires mailed on request.

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**BRAND**  
**COLLARS**  
**ARE**  
**THE**  
**BEST**

Linen Both Sides  
W. BARKER, Manufacturer, TROY, N.Y.

**VAN BIBBER**  
**CIGARETTES**  
OR  
**LITTLE**  
**CIGARS.**  
ALL IMPORTED  
TOBACCO.  
HIGHEST IN PRICE,  
FINEST IN QUALITY.

25c. a Bundle,  
10 in Bundle.

Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.

H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.  
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

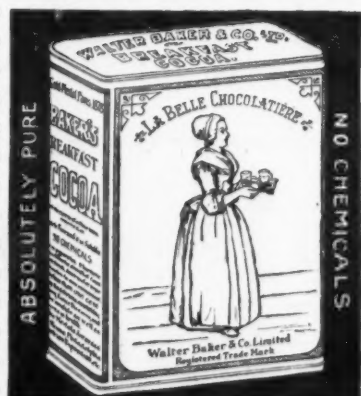
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For Sale by  
all leading Wine Dealers  
and Grocers.

Post-Office:  
URBANA, N. Y.

Advertise in  
**LESLIE'S WEEKLY.**

### WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED. Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780. Breakfast Cocoa



Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s  
**Breakfast Cocoa**

Made at  
DORCHESTER, MASS.  
It bears their Trade Mark  
"La Belle Chocolatiere" on every can.  
Beware of Imitations.

**WANTED—AN IDEA.** Who can think of some simple thing your ideas may bring you wealth? Protect your ideas. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1000 prize offer and list of 200 inventions wanted.

**EARL & WILSON'S.**  
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS  
"ARE THE BEST"  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

# 23,469

Collections of different Columbia advertisements were submitted in competition for the Columbia Bicycle recently offered as a prize. The winning collection was sent by H. F. Wendall, Leipsic, Ohio, and contained 2,089 different advertisements of

**Columbia**  
Bicycles  
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

This contest has demonstrated in a remarkable manner the secure popularity of Columbia bicycles and the wide-spread desire to secure one. If Columbias could be sold for less, the use of Columbias would be universal. But Columbia quality can only be maintained at its unvarying standard by asking one unvarying price

**\$100 TO ALL ALIKE.**

Hartford Bicycles are the sort for which \$100 is usually asked—\$70, \$65, \$50, \$45.

The Columbia Art Catalogue by mail for two 2-cent stamps, or is free if you call on the Columbia agent.

**POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.**  
Branch Houses and Agencies almost everywhere.

**HARTFORD TIRES** are the best of pure rubber, the best of fabric. Put together for safety, durability, ease. Other makers imitate in vain. The secret is ours. The tires are yours, on any bicycle. They are the original single-tubes.

COST MOST. DEMAND THEM  
WORTH MOST. OF ANY DEALER.

**THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.**  
HARTFORD, CONN.  
New York. Philadelphia. Chicago.

Placed high up between the shoulder-blades and on the chest,

## Allcock's Porous Plasters

are a sure cure for coughs; placed on the pit of the stomach they relieve indigestion. Ask for and obtain Allcock's.

## VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"VIN MARIANI SUSTAINS VITALITY AND RESTORES STRENGTH QUICKER THAN ANY OTHER TONIC."

JULIET CORSON.

Write to **MARIANI & CO.**, for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 229 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK. • Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

Before deciding  
on your Summer  
Outing, consult the  
"Four-Track Series,"  
the New York Central's  
beautiful  
books of travel.

Illustrated Catalogue sent free, postpaid, on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.